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NOVEMBER 15, 1965

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Next week

CLAY VS. PATTERSON is only days away. Gilbert Regan previews the big fight with an inside look at the training and an assessment of the strategy each boxer hopes to follow.

HOCKEY'S UNHAPPYPIEST man in Montreal's Top Blake. Why? Mark Kram discovers it is simply because he won't be expected to win his eighth league title and seventh Stanley Cup.

POOR MAN'S POLO is what some people call pigeon racing. Robert Boyle takes a look at the feathered sport and depicts a man who has devoted a major part of his life to it.



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The trouble with powder-snow enthusiasts is that they can't keep a good thing quiet. As much as they'd like other people to stay off the cottony snow, powder people insist on telling anyone who will listen what it's like—although they often have trouble finding the right words. Fantastic, out of this world, serene ecstasy, floating on clouds—those are some of the tries. For our current issue we decided photographs plus words might do the job.

Alta, Utah, a mere 45 minutes' driving time from Salt Lake City, is the most talked-about powder-ski resort in the U.S. So it was to Alta that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** sent Photographer John G. Zimmermann and Reporter Paul Stewart last winter. Their mission was to provide for our readers the look and feel of powder snow as well as instructional guidance for conquering the stuff. (One challenge is orientation: Since you can't see your ski in powder, how are you supposed to know which way your toes are pointing?)

When Zimmermann and Stewart were about to depart for Alta they were assured by phone that "the prospects for fresh powder look pretty good." Even allowing for all the chamber of commerce powder puffery heard around Alta, the case sometimes is understated, and this was one of those times. It snowed like something out of the Old Testament: for nine days and nine nights, or until 10 feet of new snow had settled upon the seven feet already there.

After such a fall of powder, avalanches poise in the Wasatch Range like polar bears in ambush, and Zimmermann and Stewart (along with a couple of hundred other skiers at Alta) were kept virtually under house arrest at their lodge. Zimmermann was really miffed. Like all gifted photographers, Zimmermann is frustrated when he's not aiming his camera at something. He eventually was reduced to taking snaps of blue jays hopping on the snowbank outside his window sill. Zimmermann's room was on the third floor.

Paul Stewart, unconcerned with blue jays, interviewed Ted and Wilma Johnson and Eddie Morris, the people he had come to see. The Johnsons, though often obscured by goggles and flying fluff, are the more or less discernible objects in Zimmermann's picture essay beginning on page 52. Ted Johnson, a powder pioneer, came to Alta 11 years ago from the more conventional slopes of Sun Valley. He was both amused and challenged to see everybody carrying around Alta with the single-dipsey technique—a method which has everything except brakes. There must be a better way, thought Ted. The same idea hit Eddie Morris, who had just arrived at Alta from Minnesota. In skiing, Ted and Eddie are as American as blue jeans (none of that phony recorded yodeling racket at Alta), and it wasn't long before they had devised a homemade technique ideal for deep-powder conditions, which Morris demonstrates on pages 61 through 65.

How does it work? Well, the stylish Mrs. Johnson was just one of those knock-kneed snowplow skiers when she caught Ted Johnson's eye a few years back. Wilma was enrolled immediately in Ted's class and thoroughly indoctrinated with the Johnson-Morris method. Take a look at page 60 to see Wilma now. She can make those high-speed chandeliers all day long and not bury her pretty head in the snow once. Well, not twice, anyway.



WILMA AFTER ONE FALL

Open letter to a father

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FOOTLOOSE

The university's sports fame makes it difficult for Ann Arbor to stay small

Drive over one of the expressways to a University of Michigan football game and you rarely see a road sign pointing to Ann Arbor. The signs merely read EXIT TO STADIUM. The stadium was built in 1927, and more than 12 million spectators have since watched football games there, but so secluded, closely knit and community-minded was the little town of Ann Arbor that many of the visitors scarcely glanced in its direction. And the indifference was mutual: people in Ann Arbor scarcely glanced at the crowds. The university has been so famous for so long as a powerhouse of intercollegiate sport—the home of Fielding Yost's merciless point-a-minute teams, the creator of an intramural sports program without parallel anywhere, and right now, with an indifferent football season, gaining another reputation with some extremely interesting and arduous basketball—that Ann Arbor as a college town was certain of only one fate. It was going to be overlooked.

Not so any longer.

Ann Arbor these days appears to have reacted to President Johnson's beautification program with almost alarming zeal. Instant beauty is being added to Main Street, just six blocks from the University of Michigan campus, in the form of a mall and promenade, with restful benches, decorative shrubs, shaded walks and 44 tall linden trees and honey locusts, costing \$200 each. Traffic will be confined to the middle of Main Street hereafter. The community effort to make Main Street beautiful—right now was made possible by the will of Miss Elizabeth Russell Dean, who died in 1964 at the age of 79 and left her fortune to be used to plant and maintain trees on city property.

A visitor gets the impression that most people in Ann Arbor are concerned, as was Miss Dean, with preserving the small-town atmosphere of the place. They want to keep it despite the fact that the University of Michigan has 31,264 students and crowds of a hundred thousand take over the town for football games.

According to the late Professor Orlando Stephenson's excellent history of Ann Arbor, a promoter named John Allen selected a site "of indescribable beauty 10 miles west of Ypsilanti." That was in 1824. The Huron River curved along the edge of the valley and through the low hills, in a rich but somehow sturdy-looking midwestern landscape, and the indescribable beauty of the place has been almost an article of faith among the townspeople. The University of Michigan was located in Ann Arbor in 1837 after promoters of a land company gave 40 acres for a campus, expecting to clean up on the

sale of land around it. Ever since, people have been aware of the university, not of Ann Arbor.

Everywhere you look, it seems, students are running and jumping beyond the next grove of trees, or hurrying to the Matt Maan Pool or to the Sports Building beside it, the country's first intramural sports center, built with the proceeds from the vast crowds at Michigan football games in the '20s. There are at least 250 intramural league basketball teams, 80 in the division made up of social fraternities, 16 teams in the faculty league, eight teams in the foreign students' league and so on. At least 2,000 students play in the league games of touch football and softball. Nobody knows the totals involved in intramural track, swimming, golf, tennis, handball, wrestling, boxing, water polo, table tennis and the like. Then there is co-recreation. Every Friday night men and women students play in mixed teams—swimming, gymnastics and the like. Officiating at games is a sizable student business at Michigan, officials collecting \$1.50 per game, paid by the university. And then there are the sport clubs—a lacrosse club, soccer club, judo club, boxing club and especially a ski club. The nearest ski resort is, surprisingly, only 17 miles from Ann Arbor, but the trains usually take crowds farther, and the crowds are growing. Restaurants in Ann Arbor have place-mats showing 83 ski areas.

Other colleges have the same sort of activity, perhaps, but in Ann Arbor there seems to be more of it. Most of Michigan's total enrollment is concentrated near the original 40 acres of its first campus. That means there are some 8,000 students in the residence halls, about 3,000 in the fraternity and sorority houses, plus 11,000 in homes and apartments.

The townspeople, of course, know the university's sports history. They know Michigan's first intercollegiate football game was in 1879, that Fielding Yost's men won the first Rose Bowl game in 1902, and that in the '20s and early '30s Michigan won the Big Ten championship eight times in 12 years. Great names from the past, like Fritz Crisler and Benny Oosterbaan, are not likely to impress the townspeople, not because of a lack of interest in sport but because they are not impressed by any great names. The May Festival, one of the great musical events in the country, has been held annually for 72 years, and if you grew up in Ann Arbor you might have met Paderewski at the home of Charles Sisk, the president of the University Musical Society; or Louise Homer, Arius Rubinstein or Sergei Rachmaninoff.

The traditional restaurant family of Ann Arbor was the Metzger family—the city had a large German colony before the Civil War—and the Metzgers, when they prospered, did not thrive on to new fields. There is now Metzger's German Restaurant, which carries this arresting sign on Washington Street

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FOOTLOOSE (continued)

just east of Main, GUT TRINKEN UND ESSEN (TU NICHT VERGESSEN, and Metzger's Old German Restaurant, just west of Main on Washington, which boasts its old-fashioned hasepfeffer, kasseler rippenchen and other rugged delicacies, which have pleased generations of undergraduates.

Ann Arbor remained dry after Prohibition was repealed. Key clubs were organized, and one of these, the Town Club, acquired a reputation because of its restaurant—the only in place in Ann Arbor, said a Detroit gourmet the other day—where at one time you really had to have a key in order to get anything to eat or drink. After 42 dry years liquor by the glass was legalized in Ann Arbor not long ago by a vote of 12,491 for and 10,682 against. You still need a key at the Town Club. But at the Pretzel Bell Restaurant on an ordinary midweek night you find a couple hundred students quietly assembled. On the average, they consume seven and a half kegs of beer nightly. On the walls are 166 framed photographs of famous coaches, track stars, wrestling teams and action shots of Michigan victories.

One of the mysteries of Ann Arbor history is where people stayed when they visited the town. In the old days the accepted social pattern for a football Saturday included a big dinner after the game, with guests spending the night on cots and pallets which covered every available bit of floor space. By 1959, however, as many as 103,234 spectators were in Ann Arbor for a game with Michigan State. Where did they stay? Ann Arbor had only the small Alford Hotel, since torn down, the Bell Tower on campus and a scattering of motels on the outskirts of town. Visiting teams usually put up at the Huron in Ypsilanti, a small-town hotel where a player piano in the diminutive bar provided a measure of gaiety. But in the past two years motels have proliferated along the expressways. This year building permits in Ann Arbor come to about \$100 million. The new buildings include an 11-story motor inn, a 14-story hotel and 13-story and 26-story apartment houses. There is also the new Events Building at the university, a \$5 million structure needed because the famous old Yost Field House is overcrowded. It is a tribute to Basketball Coach Dave Strack and such stars as Cazzie Russell and Oliver Darden, who have made basketball a subject that engages popular interest in Ann Arbor. "It's their gift to the city," said a local historian.

Ann Arbor, in short, seems to be in the process of discovering that it has become a city, astonished at its present population of around 80,000 and uneasily expecting a population of 150,000 before long. In 1967 the university will be celebrating its 150th anniversary. Main Street, with its Indian trees, will be ready.

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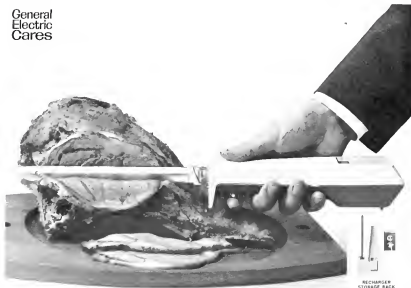
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Fresh... frosted... spiced with a twist of lime! That's Old Spice Lime... the stirring new cologne with the romantic aroma of the trade winds. An experience no man should miss! 2.00. Also, After Shave Lotion 1.50; Gift Set 3.50. By Shulton, the makers of original Old Spice



SHOPWALK

A revolutionary new ski boot has a streamlined shell of rigid fiber glass

The new Rosemount ski boot may look as futuristic as an astronaut's space shoe, but it is touted as a practical breakthrough for the recreational skier. Rosemount, a Minnesota company, is primarily in the business of designing aero-space instruments. Its current ski project, though, got off the pad several years ago when President Frank Werner got hooked on skiing. Intrigued by the design possibilities in the ski-boot field, Werner assigned a team of technicians to develop a prototype.

The problem, as Werner defined it for his staff, was to design a boot with adequate forward flexion at the ankles that still would maintain the lateral ankle rigidity required for proper edge control. Leather, Werner thought, was a poor material—it warped in snow and ice and weakened with age. A typical ready-made leather model takes a painfully long time to break in. When it is broken in and finally comfortable, the leather is already beginning to deteriorate and does not provide the maximum support.

This spring the firm introduced the new boot and startled the ski industry with its radical design and appearance. At first glance the boot is a shocker, particularly to a skier accustomed to the trippings of conventional boots. The Rosemount boot is jet-black, and its smooth, glossy shell is made of rigid fiber-glass-reinforced epoxy. A black elastic band encircles the boot about ankle-high and covers the two working parts of the boot: a hinged cuff, which permits forward movement, and the shoe itself. The degree of forward flexion can be adjusted for the comfort and safety of a skier. The cuff, too, can be angled inward or outward to vary the lateral pressure upon the ankle.

A skier does not jam his foot into the boot—he slides it in. An entire side of the casing (shoe and cuff) swings open to allow the skier to place his foot inside. Two buckles, one on the cuff and one on the shoe, then lock in the foot.

Rosemount has lined the boot with a complicated system of mysterious padding (the company says they don't have a name for it) which molds to the contour of the foot and ankle. To accomplish this, there is a system of seven individual pads at strategic points of fit, plus a padded insole.

The fitting process may prove to be a difficult and time-consuming one for the ordinary ski shop. The space-age price tag is another hurdle. The company plans to sell them for about \$130 per pair, with an initial output of 900 pairs. The boots will undergo severe testing from the experts this winter, and with a price like that they had better be good.

PAUL STEWART

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the world's
greatest
skiing...**

**Take
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Lufthansa
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for skiers to the Alps...
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Gay, delightful Munich is the very top of the run to most ski resorts in Europe! More alive than ever in the winter, Munich is the starting point to all the Alps for skiers from all over the world.

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*Price based on 14-21 day European Family Economy Class.

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Gentlemen: I am interested in further information about Alpine ski vacations. Please send me details on Ski-the-Alps Vacations and Lufthansa Winter Schedules.

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My Travel Agent is _____



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The **sting Ray** is a magnificent new big scale model of America's one and only true sports car!

Created by Monogram!
Get a Sting Ray kit and enjoy fascinating car modeling at its wonderful best!

**Easy to Assemble Kit
Makes This Beautiful Model
22 Inches Long (One-Eighth Car Size)**



◀ Corvette 375 h.p. Engine—
Hood Lifts for Engine Access

Instrument Panel—Match Dials ▶



◀ Retracting, Pop-Up Headlights

Bucket Seats, Console, Stick Shift ▶



**This Sting Ray
Has Everything**

21 1/2 Inches Long
One Piece Blue Body
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Completely Detailed Interior
Bucket Seats—Stick Shift
Instrument Panel—Match Dials
Fuel Injected Engine
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No Painting Required

This magnificent model has caught every detail of the fabulous Corvette Sting Ray, considered one of the finest Grand Touring Sports Cars in the world today.

Every line, every curve, of its beautifully aerodynamically-styled body, down to the seat belts and other minute detail is reproduced with true-to-scale exactness and all of the splendor the makers built into the original full size car, including fully detailed interior and crystal clear windows. Operating features include retractable headlights, steerable wheels and hood that opens to show the 375 h.p. fuel injected engine.

Easy-to-put-together kit has 189 parts in Corvette blue, black, red, clear and chrome finish. Beautifully packaged for gift giving and getting.

See this magnificent model and kit wherever hobby kits are sold. Choose a Sting Ray as a wonderful gift in its attractive packaging. Get one for yourself and enjoy model making at its wonderful best.

PC126 • Complete • Gift Packaged • \$10.98



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**No other tape recorder offers
so much beauty, so many features,
at so low a price**



Beautiful furniture with a musical soul — the new Wollensak 5280 Stereo Tape Recorder. Modern Sleek Look styling accents even the finest living room. Powerful solid-state stereo and matching wing speakers assure a whole room-full of magnificent music anytime, anywhere. Unique Control Central offers more sound creativity in a hand-span than in music systems twice its size and price. Costs only \$219.95!* Including new power-activated push buttons, four digit tape counter, 4 speed-4 track, two VU meters. Now at fine stores everywhere. See the Wollensak Automatics, too — The World's Only Self-Changing Tape Recorders.

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*Net list price when tax allows.

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it stands out in the check room.

Some people like to be different. They grow their own herbs. They have their own kilns. Things like that.

So for them we make a plaid maincoat. But it's still a London Fog at heart. Same exclusive blend of water-repellent materials, same classic London Fog styling, same permanently attached Bachelor Buttons. In fact, we have to admit that everything about our plaid is the same as our plain. Except that it stands out.

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The Leeds Maincoat®, 65%
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shoulder, single breasted fly front,
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ner protection of exclusive Third Bar-
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Lincoln Continental for 1966:
unmistakably new, yet unmistakably Continental



With the newly styled sedan and four-door convertible there is a new Lincoln Continental model for 1966; the Continental coupé, making America's most distinguished motorcar available to more fine car buyers than ever before. Discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Lincoln Continental.

One look tells you Continental styling is new, totally new from the dynamic front grille to the graceful contours of the rear design. And yet you know that this new styling is a contemporary expression of the continuing Continental look. All three new models are distinctively Lincoln Continental. Each is built to the highest standards in the world and tested more thoroughly than any other car.

Inside Continental, you will find increased spaciousness; more head room, more shoulder room, more trunk space.

New reserves of power are yours to command in the Lincoln

Continental. There is a new high-performance 462 cubic inch engine and an all-new transmission. Together, they provide an even smoother flow of power.

In addition to an impressive list of standard equipment, Continental offers innovations in luxury options. For example, there is an all-new Stereo-Sonic Tape System/AM radio. Simply put in a cartridge and four-speaker stereo sound is yours. And there is the new temperature control system that automatically maintains the temperature you select, regardless of changes in the weather outside.

Come take a closer look at Continental for 1966. Accept your Continental dealer's invitation to drive it, experience it, and to discover how easy it can be to own a Lincoln Continental.

 *Lincoln Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.



The young bucks of America go clean-white-sock in the new crew Adler calls Adlastic

Meet madlastic Adlastic. The revolutionary new crew of 65% lambswool plus 35% nylon with spandex for 100% stretch. Up and down. This way and that. And that's not all. Adlastic alone has the give to take on all sizes 10 to 15. The first of its kind to last far longer and fit far better. Size up Adlastic in 28 colors. All clean-white-sock all through. Clean-white-sock? Right now thinking: never out of step though somewhat out of line. The line forms for Adlastic at stores where clean-white-sock is yours for one young buck and a quarter.

For all your feet in Adlastic at Rich's, Atlanta or J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

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Were you born in 1938?



1938. Little Davey O'Brien, scourge of the Southwest Conference and All-American quarterback for F.C.U., who, at only 151 pounds, went on to play pro ball with the Philadelphia Eagles.

It's hard to believe, but someday you'll probably be benched. However, if you protect your family now with a New England Life cash value life insurance policy...

At 65 you can get back all the dollars you put in—
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For example, since you're only 27, you can get back as much as \$8182* more than you pay for a \$15,000 policy! This is the best way to give your family the financial protection they need, while giving yourself the financial security you need. Our free "Dial-A-Year" gives cash-value figures, events and personalities from 1920 to 1940. Write: Dept. S6, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

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NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.*assuming you leave your dividends with the Company. Dividends cannot be guaranteed, this is an illustration based on our current dividend scale.

SCORECARD

GOOPS

Harland Sware, an ebullient young man who once was a linebacker for the New York Giants and who is now head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, reacted to defeat recently as most coaches seem to react. He got sore.

"I bow to no one in my respect for NFL officials," fumed Sware, "but they are homers. They call penalties on visitors much more often than they do on the home team."

This frank statement cost Sware \$1,000 in a fine levied by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "Mr. Rozelle had to fine me," acknowledged Sware later. "I would not respect him if he had not."

But that is begging the question. Are NFL officials homers?

Well, an analysis of penalties in all games played through October 31, the period Sware was complaining about, shows that home teams were penalized more often in eight parks, the visitors in six, but in several cases the difference was hardly conclusive. Sware picked Baltimore and Chicago as the two worst places to visit. Yet in Baltimore the Colts lost 222 yards to their visitors' 210, and in Chicago the Bears lost 81 yards, the visitors 99—not a jarring discrepancy. Intriguingly, the biggest home advantage was in Los Angeles, where visiting teams were penalized 189 yards to only 142 for Harland's Rams.

What Sware needs is a better team, not better officiating.

THE FAMILY CAR

"Women are lousy drivers. With a car full of kids, dogs, cats, they can't concentrate." So said Paula Murphy as she borrowed a car and promptly set the ladies' land speed record last year. This September Betty Skelton, 102 pounds, borrowed a dragster and boosted the record to 277.62 mph. Last week another housewife had a go at it. Craig Breedlove's wife, Lee, who has five children and two dogs, borrowed her husband's helmet and his \$200,000, nine-ton *Spirit of America* Sprinter for a spin down the Bonneville salt flats. Her warmup run

was a modest 99. After 30 miles of practice she had the car up to 332.26 for a two-way average of 308.56 and a new world record. For ladies, that is, since husband Craig and his rival, Art Arfons, were taking turns pushing the men's mark toward 600 mph. For ladies' day Craig took the husbandly precaution of setting the throttle for a maximum speed of 350 mph. That is quite fast enough for just going to market.

NO CITY SLICKER

Philadelphia offered The Hambletonian Society a quarter of a million dollars, and quite possibly the Liberty Bell as well, to move trotting's prize event from rural Du Quoin, Ill. to Philadelphia's slick, nighttime pari-mutuel plant (SI, Nov. 1). Last week the society directors decided in a 12-5 vote that it was in the "best interest of the sport" to keep The Hambletonian at the state fair in Du Quoin. We heartily concur.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

Some of us hold that football crowds are noisy enough without such artificial aids to bedlam as cannons and bull horns.

There is a lady in Dallas who supports this view. At a recent game a young man in front of her blasted away on his bull horn for the first five minutes of play. Tapping him on the shoulder, the lady asked, "How much did you pay for that?" "A dollar and a half," he replied. "I'll give you \$3 for it," the lady said. The exchange made, she blasted the horn in his ear for the rest of the game, after which she asked him, ever so sweetly, "How did you like it?"

ADIOS TO A PRO

Two years ago, had you been in the office of Hank Bauer, the manager of the Baltimore Orioles, you would have seen how people in baseball feel about Al Lopez, who last week retired as manager of the Chicago White Sox. At the time the Orioles were leading the American League, and a reporter gave Bauer a newspaper clipping that quoted Lopez as saying, "Bauer has done a heck of a

job with his ball club. I'm really impressed by the way he has handled his pitching staff." Bauer is not a vain man, yet he read the clipping over and over and finally put it in his desk. "That's from the *sun*," he said, "the master!"

Few men who ever managed against Lopez failed to hold him in awe. Sam Mele of the Minnesota Twins said this year, "He keeps you on your toes because you know that if you're not, he'll be three or four moves ahead of you, and you won't realize it until he has the game won and is in his clubhouse."

We saw Lopez late this season in Chicago after the Sox lost two games to Minnesota and were all but eliminated from the pennant race. "Will you be back next year?" he was asked. He was tired, and he had been bothered by his chronic intestinal trouble. All he said was, "Well, we'll meet down the road someplace."

Any time, Señor, any place.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

Tokyo's housing shortage has been greatly alleviated in one important category—apartments for racehorses. Horses with proper references and sufficient yen can move into a block of 12 apartment buildings near Ohji Race Track and live in luxury for only 5,000 yen per month



(\$140) plus a percentage of their winnings. Each stone building houses 14 Thoroughbreds—some 40 million yen worth—on the ground level and eight families of jockeys, trainers and other horse humans in two upper stories.

Although the horses rise promptly at 4.30 a.m. to do their morning roadwork around the buildings, they do not disturb the people living above. Horses, after all, do not use alarm clocks, and passing cars on the nearby superhighway

continued



WHEN A COLD SPELL hits Jack Daniel's Hollow everybody would like to help make the charcoal that smooths out our Tennessee whiskey.

The ancient Charcoal Mellowing process we use to gentle our whiskey calls for seeping every drop down through 10 feet of hard maple charcoal. And it has to be rick-burned in the open air. We still make our own charcoal this way just as Mr. Jack did a century ago. The folks in the rickyard are especially glad we've never changed. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll be glad too.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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to Tokyo International Airport make more noise. The equine tenants' straw bedding is noticeably aromatic when aired outside on sunny days, yet occupants of the upper apartments are delighted with the entire setup. They say it is a significant improvement over the previous arrangement, which had them sharing stable space with the horses.

GOALING, I AM SHOWING OLEEN

After the golf cart there had to be some equivalent innovation in other sports, and now, in bowling, there is. David Harkness of Glens Falls, N.Y. has brought forth a thing he calls a "bowler's cart." It makes bowling easier—in case you thought it was hard.

It resembles a shuffleboard stick, except that the stick rests on four small wheels. Just as the shuffleboard stick has a curve built into its head, so has the bowler's cart. The ball is nestled into the curve and propelled down the alley with a shove of the handle.

"I believe bowling will now become a more orderly sport," Harkness is quoted as saying. "It will no longer be necessary for a bowler to run with the ball or use a backswing."

It should be a smash in St. Petersburg.

THINKING MAN'S PITCHER

The public usually learns how players on the winning and losing teams in the World Series divvy up their share of the receipts, but not much attention is paid to the second-, third-, fourth- and fifth-place clubs in each league. However, they, too, cut in on World Series gold, and emotions run high—and sometimes wide—when shares are voted. For instance, Bill Henry, a relief pitcher who switched from the Reds to the Giants during the season, was voted a full share by the Giants, whereas Jim Duffalo, a relief pitcher who switched from the Giants to the Reds, was given only three-fifths of a share by the Reds.

Other disbursements were similarly haphazard, except, of course, for the Baltimore Orioles, who distributed their money according to an equitable and scientific formula devised by their deep-thinking pitcher, Dick Hall, a professional accountant in the off season. The Orioles voted the usual number of full shares, but instead of then going arbitrarily to three-quarter, half and one-quarter shares as the other teams usually do, they doled out 17 subshares ranging

in size from 76% down to 19%—the percentages based on the number of days a man was actually with the team after the May 15 cutoff date.

"It just happened to get thinking of how much of a fetish there is for round numbers these days," explained Hall, a Swarthmore graduate, "and how illogical that is when it's so easy to compute actual figures." Hall declined to reveal whether his plan met with unanimous approval. "It was received well by those who understood it," he said.

Of course, if a kid comes up to the Orioles on the last day of the season some year and hits a home run to give Baltimore the pennant and gets \$11.25 for it, there may be revisions.

FIGHT FIRCELY, ETC.

Eight of the 22 first-string players on Harvard's varsity football team wear contact lenses.

PLENTY OF SWIFT

Commercial airline pilots have increasingly of late taken to "setting records." Frankly, this is not a sport we applaud, but we must admit that some travelers relish it. Indeed there were gasps and murmurs of joy and excitement a week or so ago when Captain W. J. (Smoker) Callahan of American Airlines announced to his captive audience on Flight 314, after the doors were securely fastened: "Ladies and gentlemen, good morning. In fact, it's a very special good morning. The sky is clear, the wind should reach up to 80 knots and, folks, we're going to try to set the speed record from Chicago to New York." (Applause and an enthusiastic buzz. The few mutterers were dismissed as party-poopers.)

Captain Callahan, who looks the way a flier is supposed to look (clear-eyed, graying at the temples, a touch of jauntiness in an otherwise reliable, handsome face), does a very good imitation of pilot imitating Shelley Berman imitating pilot, and he is in the forefront of the new breed of athletic airmen. "The record we [note use of first-person plural] have to break is one hour 10 minutes and 23 seconds. I know, because I [note return to first person singular] happen to hold it." Airborne, Captain Callahan continued to keep the passengers informed on weather, winds, altitude, best altitude, Mach, speed of sound and the true potential of the Boeing 727. He heightened the drama as the plane came screeching east. "Well, win, lose or draw," he said, over Allentown, Pa.,

"you'll know you've been in a close one." He skimmed over New Jersey, flicked past the Hudson River and the Empire State Building and, seconds later, touched down at LaGuardia Airport. "A new record!" he yelled into the P.A. The passengers cheered lustily. The take-off-to- touchdown time: One hour nine minutes 10 seconds.

Captain Callahan came to the door of the cockpit to accept congratulations. "Sorry it had to be a meal flight," he told the stewards. Several of the passengers told him how proud they were of him, and one, who otherwise seemed quite intelligent, grabbed the captain's hand, shook it mightily and cried: "This is the biggest thrill I've had in years!"

Because certain travelers obviously like this sort of competition, whereas others prefer ground-based athletic participation, we suggest that airlines announce in advance if a flight is to be a time trial. We also suggest that they notify their ground crews. After landing, passengers on the record-breaking flight waited 22 minutes and 14 seconds for their luggage.

REFORESTATION NOTE

The Maryland Racing Commission is spending \$50,000 on a documentary motion picture to stimulate interest in horse-racing. After acknowledging that the film was being made despite continuing increases in attendance and pari-mutuel betting, R. Bruce Livie, chairman of the commission, got down to what was really worrying him: "We hope this film will draw people from the younger generation. Our surveys show that the average age of track patrons in Maryland is in the upper 50s."

THEY SAID IT

- Frank Howard, Clemson coach, after his football team's consecutive victories by scores of 3-2 and 3-0: "I put Drysdale in today against TCU. I used Sandy last week against Duke."
- Al Geiberger, pro golfer, on his habit of eating peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches while he plays: "If you forget and leave it in your golf bag you can still eat it the next day. You can't do that with an egg sandwich."
- Art Mahan, Villanova athletic director, on recommendation by Xavier Athletic Director Jim McCafferty that Villanova's basketball team stay at a club in Cincinnati where there are seven-foot-long beds: "All we need this year is cribs." **END**



New Westinghouse Jet Set.
It doesn't stare back at you
when it's off.

It's considerate television.
Beautiful off. Beautiful on.
A new kind of picture
that's easier to watch. It's
Instant-On-TV. Which
means no waiting, no
warm-up, no walk-back.
And it's transistorized
to be trouble-free. Now,
if you can't stare your
old set straight in the face
and enjoy it...go see
your Westinghouse dealer.



You can be sure if it's Westinghouse





*A most
unusual car
for people who
enjoy the unusual*

One sortie at the wheel will tell you it's not everybody's cup of tea. Not everybody insists on a car that steers this easily.

Or corners this flat.

Or has this one's road-gripping traction even on ice, mud or snow.

If they did, Corvair wouldn't be the only car built in America with the engine in the rear (less weight on the wheels that do the steering, more on the ones that need the traction).

Or the only one—with the exception of Corvette—that gives you the even-keel ride of 4-wheel independent suspension.

Is it your cup of tea?

One session at the wheel will tell you that, too.



Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan



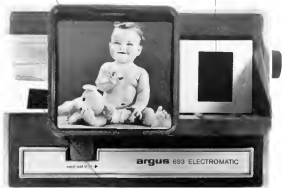
'66 CORVAIR *by Chevrolet*

Corvair Monza Sport Sedan

The “do-it-itself” slide viewer.

You stack a whole box of slides here.

They automatically pass in review here.



They re-stack themselves in sequence here automatically.

Compact. Fully automatic. Motor-driven. There is nothing else like the new Argus 693 Electromatic Slide Viewer. Takes a full box of slides at one time. Feeds them into the viewer automatically. Magnifies them 3 times. Then stacks them in order on the other side. Automatically. Silently. Takes both cardboard and plastic-mounted slides, keeps them in sequence for immediate re-showing.

It's so handy, you don't need a screen or even a darkened room. Just stack 'em up and show 'em off. At less than \$20, it's a wonderful gift idea, too! Like all Argus products, it's covered by that incredible Argus unconditional guarantee. It protects you, not just from "defective materials and workmanship" but from everything, including, kids, dogs, and accidents. **argus.**

ARGUS INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL. IN CANADA: NEW MARKS, BATHURST

No. 2ism.

The Avis Manifesto.



We are in the rent a car business, playing second fiddle to a giant.

Above all, we've had to learn how to stay alive.

In the struggle, we've also learned the basic difference between the No. 1's and No. 2's of the world.

The No. 1 attitude is: "Don't do the wrong thing. Don't make mistakes and you'll be O.K."

The No. 2 attitude is: "Do the right thing. Look for new ways. Try harder."

No. 2ism is the Avis doctrine. And it works.

The Avis customer rents a clean, new Plymouth, with wipers wiping, ashtrays empty, gas tank full, from an Avis girl with smile firmly in place.

And Avis itself has come out of the red into the black. Avis didn't invent No. 2ism. Anyone is free to use it. No. 2's of the world, arise!

Now RCA, the company that makes tape recorders for Gemini, offers 9 tape recorders you can buy.

From RCA VICTOR
From \$49.95*



National Aeronautics and Space Administration



Four RCA Victor Solid State snap-in cartridge models that load in seconds.

1 Just snap a tape cartridge into the Relay I or Relay II and you're ready to record. No messy rewinding, threading or tangling. Solid State throughout (transistors have replaced tubes) plus the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits VU meter recording level monitor. **2** Relay II has two 9" oval speakers, two 3 1/2" tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones, VU meter. **3** Here's the audiophile's delight—the Module Mark I—a Solid State stereo tape cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15,000 cps (at 3 1/2 ips).

*Optional with dealer for the Tyros I

RCA Solid Copper Circuits are the circuits of the Space Age. They replace old fashioned handwiring for better performance, greater dependability, fewer service headaches.



Five RCA Victor Solid State reel-to-reel models. (with a choice like this, why look further?)

1 They're battery operated so you can get the message wherever you go. They're also Solid State (no tubes to burn out). The Tyros I and Tyros II are two-track reel-to-reel models with optional 110-volt AC "battery saver" adapter. Complete with microphone, batteries, earphone, 3" reel of tape and reel. **2** Score I is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model with big 6" oval speaker, tone control, tape usage counter and VU meter. Pause switch simplifies tape editing. Comes complete with 7" reel of tape, reel, microphone and auxiliary cable. **3** The stereo Score II reel-to-reel recorder has two 9" oval speakers, two 3 1/2" tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound feature, too. Or see the Module Mark II reel-to-reel tape deck—plays through your present stereo amplifier-speaker system.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics



THIS TIGER IS NOT IN



THE TANK

WALTER DUNN JR.

He is Ron Landeck, he belongs to Princeton and he leads an incendiary attack that has made the Ivy League's the best team in the East **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Princeton people do not toast their football team's wacky victories—they examine them as specimens. They check them for flaws, as a schoolgirl does her complexion, and then they brood over them. Last week, Princeton gathered in its 16th straight specimen, a not-quite-comfortable 14-6 decision over Harvard, and the fans immediately did not begin to shout, "We're No. 1!" and they did not dance and they did not sing and laugh it up into the night, and they did not break out all in gooseflesh anticipating the glory of Old Nassau.

What Princeton people do when they win is wonder. Pretty good, all right, pretty darn good, but this is the Ivy League, correct? An insulated league. That wasn't UCLA we knocked the barium out of, that was another Ivy League test tube. How good is that? And in the Osborne Field House at Princeton on Mondays the team and the coaches sit down to their strip sofas and speculate on how the national polls will purposely slight them this week and how the Lambert Trophy people will root around for some team like Syracuse that has lost only two or three games and rate it No. 1 in the East over Princeton and unbeaten Dartmouth.

Well, brothers of the Cannon Club and the Tiger Club and you old grads who get the seats on the 50-yard line in Palmer Stadium, brood no more. Do not believe those polls. Do not listen to the dirge. The Ivy League may not be what it used to be, but it is doing all right, brothers, and the Princeton Tiger is definitely not in the tank. It is the genome article, hard and quick and sickly turned out in its single-wing trappings, and if somebody tells you there is a team in the East that is as good it must be on the tip of his imagination, brothers, his imagination.

Bob Odell of Penn (beaten 51-0 by Princeton) says Princeton should be playing Penn State and Syracuse and the rest of those. Buff Donells of Columbia (33-0) says Princeton should be playing in the Big Ten. That is stretching the point, of course, because Ivy League presidents still consider spring practice an abomination, and without spring practice not even Princeton could cope with a steady diet of Big Ten opponents. Coach Dick Colman concedes

continued

Landeck, equally adept as a passer or runner, races out of Princeton's amazingly sorry single wing during Harvard game.

that he would settle for one representative big-name opponent a year "just to see how we would do. That's what the boys really want." But in years like these one, when Pittsburgh is getting run down by run-up scores of 51-13 and 69-13 and Penn State and Syracuse stumble around and Army gets beaten by teams like Colgate there is not an Eastern team to compare with Princeton—unless it is Dartmouth.

A contributing factor in Princeton's emergence as a legitimate power is that the Ivy League is not the restricted sanctuary it was a few years ago. There are more and more good athletes, academically qualified, coming out of public high schools since the increased emphasis on classroom excellence brought about by the space age. The trickle into the Ivy League is near to becoming a cataract. Princeton probably has as much material now as it did when Dick Kazmaier was devastating the East in 1950-51. The Princeton sophomore class has 68 students who were captains of their high school football teams. One Big Ten coach says his toughest recruiting competition comes from the Ivy League. "Princeton is like a national institution, for crying out loud. They've got alumni everywhere—Los Angeles, Cleveland, Dallas—scouting like mad, and half of them never played football in their lives. How you going to outmaneuver an institution?"

So what manner of men has Princeton drawn together to make this first team? To begin with, it has Ron Landeck, redheaded son of a Cleveland minister, who was offered so many scholarships he lost count after 80. Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes was a regular visitor to the Landeck place. Hayes knew what he was going to be missing. Landeck, after two preparatory years on the Princeton defense, has succeeded as a single-wing tailback "beyond anyone's wildest dreams"—which is Colman's way of saying Colman's wildest dreams did not include Landeck throwing 11 touchdown passes (an Ivy League record); altogether he has passed for 856 yards and has run for 675. He has surely appeared in the wildest dreams of other Ivy League coaches.

There are probably no better guards cast of East Lansing than Paul Savidge, who came to Princeton from Lambertville, N.J., to be its 94th team captain, and Stanislaw Jonik (Stas) Maliszewski,

who came to America with his family from a World War II displaced-persons camp in Poland. Both are 220-pounds and primarily defensive players—Maliszewski, the quicker man, as a linebacker—but when more blocking power is needed, as it was on Saturday whenever Princeton got near the Harvard goal, they were summoned in, usually by frantic hand signals from the field.

Maliszewski in the Ivy League campus uniform of the day—corduroy pants, devastated loafers and hanging shirttail—looks like a bear dressed up to play Buster Brown. He is, instead, a sensitive, deeply religious young man who, Princeton coaches say, gets nasty only when he removes his two front teeth before a game, and then he is about the nastiest thing ever to draw a pro scout to a Princeton football game. He got homesick—his family now lives in Davenport, Iowa—his freshman year and was ready to transfer to Notre Dame when a Princeton assistant persuaded him to stay.

Then there is End Lauson (Banker) Cashdollar of Beaver, Pa., who caught 11 passes (another Ivy record) for 135 yards against Harvard, and John Bowers of Traverse City, Mich., who, Colman says, is the most consistent blocking wingback he has ever seen, and Fullback Bert Kerstetter, who played on the same team with Joe Namath at Beaver Falls, Pa.

But the real object of Princeton affection is a 150-pound Hungarian refugee—it takes all kinds of refugees to make an institution—who place-kicks soccer-style and is considered the single most demoralizing force on the Princeton team. Charles Gogolak is demoralizing because whenever the Tigers get inside an opponent's 40-yard line—"GoGo Land," Colman calls it—he can practically guarantee them three points. He has already kicked 26 field goals (15 this year) in his college career, an intercollegiate record, and 44 extra points in a row.

Gogolak approaches the ball from an angle, whipping his leg and kicking off the instep. Advantages over the conventional straight-on snap-kick are these: he generates more speed and therefore more power (most good American kickers are twice Gogolak's size), and kicking off the instep gives him a much smaller margin of error than off the toe.

Princeton fans cheer for Gogolak like crazy, and some confess to feeling cheated when a Tiger attack does not bog

down and a touchdown wipes out a field-goal try. Gogolak came to Princeton by way of a letter of recommendation—his own. He wrote to three Ivy schools, telling how he was Pete Gogolak's brother (Pete kicked for Cornell and is now with the Buffalo Bills) and though he had not had much chance in high school in Wilton, N.Y., and "cannot kick as far as Pete, I am very accurate inside the 30." He weighed 128 pounds and tried to play end on the Princeton team his freshman year, but after risking his life for a few days he took Coach Colman aside and suggested, politely, that he would rather set records kicking field goals than breaking bones. He has been a specialist ever since.

Gogolak is irrepressible. He calls his holder, Quarterback Bob Bedell, "the man with the golden finger," and he says, "Thank you, Mr. Colman, for the opportunity," each time he is sent in to kick. He also kicks off, but he does not try to make tackles. He has, however, been known to pile on a few times.

When he is skylarking around the Princeton practice field—he never, never leaves early—he practices his passing, hoping for the day he is called on to pass off a fake field goal. "I got a new grip," he chirped last week, and threw a flutterball end over end upfield. He says he also has dreams of picking up a fumbled snap and running 40 yards for a touchdown. "What if you get creamed as soon as you pick it up?" he was asked. "That's not in the dream," he replied.

Cornell tried to stop him with a five-man pyramid defense—two men standing on the shoulders of the other three—but even that did not work. Gogolak gets the ball away with terrific speed and uncanny finesse, and he is proud of his ability. A few weeks ago he was invited up to a New York Giant game and came back shaking his head. "Gee, Mr. Colman, the Giants missed three field goals," he said, "and one from the 17-yard line."

There is a noticeable atmosphere of selflessness and sacrifice on the Princeton team, what Backfield Coach Jake McCandless calls "an unmatched morale brought about by the fact that these guys are out here because they want to be, not because they have to be." Blocking Back Bedell came to Princeton as a T quarterback but, just for the chance to play, asked to be moved to blocking back, never again to handle the ball ex-

cept as a pass receiver. "I never in my life blocked anybody before I came to Princeton," he says. He is now a fine blocker. End Cashdollar, inspired by Bill Bradley-at-Princeton stories, was a bust as a receiver until he started running patterns at home and got his sister to throw him passes by the hour.

Colman, who inherited the job and the single wing when Charley Caldwell died in midseason of 1957, says Princeton started getting good a few years ago when he stopped worrying about out-smarting teams and started trying to outthrust them. His starting line now averages 15 pounds a man more than it did five years ago, and it is true that the single wing is a power offense with plenty of double-team blocking and traps and sweeps that appear to send 10 men, six coaches and the entire freshman class ahead of the ball carrier.

But Colman is now the only major college coach still using the single wing (he likes to point out that Clarence Stasovich of East Carolina State was voted small-college coach of the year last year using the single wing), and he really juices it up. Tuning is vital in the single wing, and the Tigers execute beautifully. For diversion they shift and split and run from a tailback-fullback version of the I, all in good clean fun and all designed to make it impossible for an opponent to adequately prepare for Princeton and the single wing during that one week before the game. It is impossible. Colman says he would like it just fine if nobody ever went back to the single wing. "And besides, it gives one a chance to be an expert at clinics."

Colman says he is a conservative guy and doesn't really go for all this passing Landeck has been doing, "because when you put that ball up in the air it's a gamble. But I just can't control my quarterbacks. I'm not as young and tough as I used to be."

Landeck threw beautifully at Harvard. He completed 15 of 23 for 177 yards and, with the advantage a tailback has of picking up his receivers from the moment the play begins, he quickly discovered a flaw in the Harvard defense. Harvard can be terribly grudging in the line, and Princeton figured to throw. But Harvard guessed the throwing would go mostly to the short man in the flood zone as Landeck rolled out. So Harvard linebackers played too tight and never really protected against the middle man,

Cashdollar, and Cashdollar hooked and slanted and squared in and squared out, and every time he did he was an easy hopper for Landeck's passes.

Princeton had not won at Cambridge since 1957, and twice—in 1961 and 1963 had come in undefeated. But in this game there was never really much threat of an upset. Gogolak had a 48-yard field-goal try bounce awry off the goal post crossbar in the first period, but before that could be construed as a good omen for Harvard, Princeton had intercepted a pass at the 30 and scored in five plays. Landeck threw to Cashdollar for nine yards and again for 14 to the one-yard line, and Kerstetter piled in from there.

Landeck drove the Tigers 68 yards for the second touchdown in the second quarter, dealing left and then right and back again like some kind of supermetronome. He sprinted out left and passed to Cashdollar for 14; back to the right to Cashdollar for nine; left to Wingback Bowers for nine more, then to Shortside End Bill Potter for 11 and to Bedell for four. He got the score himself, sweeping the right side from the two behind an escort of Bedell, Bowers and Kerstetter. Gogolak's 44th extra point tied his brother's collegiate record.

Harvard eventually discovered—it must have been a surprise—that it could move Savidge by double-teaming him with Tackle John Peterson and Guard Joe O'Donnell and did so effectively on an 80-yard third-quarter drive that cut the difference to 14-6. Princeton was in a five-man front, often looping and overcompensating to the outside. On traps and slants, Harvard pushed Halfbacks Bobby Leo and Walter Grant through on power jolts of five to 10 yards. Leo got the touchdown from the five.

Adjusting, Princeton shut off the Harvard running game in the last quarter and made one more pass at the goal, but lost a touchdown when Kerstetter fumbled diving into the end zone.

The Tigers now have Yale and Dartmouth to play at Palmer Stadium and both games are sold out. This is a sign of true love, of course, but Princeton fans know how to keep a team in its place. They barely half filled the stadium for the Tigers' 15th straight victory (over Penn). It would not do at all to let on that they really think Princeton is great or something.

END



Setting up first score, Landeck (49) picks



Lesson Cashdollar (87) out of a triangle of



receivers on 14-yard pass to Harvard's one.



Cashdollar set Ivy record with 11 catches.

THE CELTICS ISN'T DEAD YET

After Boston lost three straight games on the road with three of its stars in bandages and a fourth on the recovery list, the rest of the league was hopeful. Now ask Philadelphia if the champ is still alive **by JOE JARES**

In a year when the boys are wearing the long hair, the Yankees finish in the second division and Texas loses three football games in a row, a man looks for verities to cling to. He looks to Boston. And there he finds a million sports fans declaiming as one: As sure as the sun will rise tomorrow over Plymouth Rock, the Celtics will win the championship of the National Basketball Association, just as they have done for seven years in a row.

Bostonians, of course, need to believe this. They are burdened by the ice hockey Bruins, the football Patriots and the baseball Red Sox. Something has to work. That leaves it up to the Celtics. And last Saturday, after their worst start in 10 years, in a game as furiously fought and fast-paced as a playoff final, the Celtics beat their toughest Eastern Division rival, reaffirming at least one verity in a heretical year.

The Celtics were bought in the off season by New York's Ruppert brewery (the same outfit that owned the Yankees in Babe Ruth's heyday), but that did not change things very much. Any opponent silly enough to drive toward Boston's basket would still encounter Bill Russell and have the ball smashed down his throat. K. C. Jones would harass rivals into silly errors for one more year before taking over the head coaching job at Brandeis. The other Jones, Sam, would bank-shot a zillion points, and John Havlicek would come off the bench to play either forward or guard and score his 20. And when victory was clinched long before the buzzer, Coach Red Auerbach would sit back to glow and light up his cigar. This was gospel. As Havlicek put it, "When you get a group of athletes used to winning, losing just isn't right."

The Celtics opened the season at the Boston Garden and won two straight, beating the Cincinnati Royals and Los Angeles Lakers by four points apiece. True, Auerbach had to save his stogies for the locker room, because the games were close, but Russell had 36 rebounds in one game, 29 in the next, Sam Jones

scored 33 and 30. It looked as though the Celtics were breaking out of the starting gate as fast as in the last four years, when after 10 games they were 9-1, 8-2, 9-1 and 10-0.

Then they ventured outside New England, and the crash was as loud as if Russell had tumbled off a 10-foot step-ladder. St. Louis beat them by 10 points. They went on to Cincinnati and a five-point loss, mainly because of a great performance at both ends of the court by the Royals' Jerry Lucas. The next game of the road trip, in Detroit, was a disaster. Boston led by 16 at one point but still blew the game, even though the Pistons are probably the worst team in the NBA. It was the Celtics' first loss to Detroit in 14 games. Auerbach held a post-game meeting with his players and riddled a few curdums with the kind of talk he usually reserves for officials and his other natural enemies. "I wanted to get a few things clarified," he said.

"He really gave it to us," said one player. "Things will be different now."

Still, hopeful fans and players in other NBA cities began to ask, perhaps a trifle early in a long season, "What's the matter with the Celtics?" The Celtics themselves believe the main trouble was the two-week training camp at Babson Institute in Wellesley, Mass. Not that they have anything against Babson—except that it is an all-male school—but it was probably the most accident-prone camp in the team's history. Agreeing with this, Trainer Buddy LeRoux also insists, "We've always had a lot of injuries. On all championship ball clubs this will happen because of the extra effort that a champion puts into his game. Look at the New York Yankees and the Montreal Canadiens."

At Babson, Tom Sanders, the finest defensive forward in the league, leaped to block a shot, was bumped from the side by a rookie and turned head over sneakers. He landed on the back of his neck and right shoulder, suffering a considerable amount of muscle damage and severe bone bruises. He missed all but

two days of camp and will not be 100% effective for another month. Forward Ron Bonham tore ligaments in his left foot and had a double dislocation of the thumb on his shooting hand. Willie Naulls tore a hamstring muscle, and John Havlicek suffered a muscle separation in his left thigh. When Havlicek's leg was X-rayed doctors found he had a "big piece of calcium on the back of the femur" from some unremembered high school injury. He will have to wear a specially built thigh pad the rest of his career. Seven-footer Mel Counts, tuning up his defense by trying to guard a teeny backcourt man, fell and broke his right wrist and has yet to play in either an exhibition or regular game.

Bad luck hounded the team in other ways. Sam Jones's car was forced off the road on the way to the Boston airport, and he barely managed to steer it between two poles. And a suitcase containing Havlicek's thigh pad was stolen. The theft got as much publicity in town as the Brink's job, but the suitcase and pad turned up a few days later at Boston's South Station.

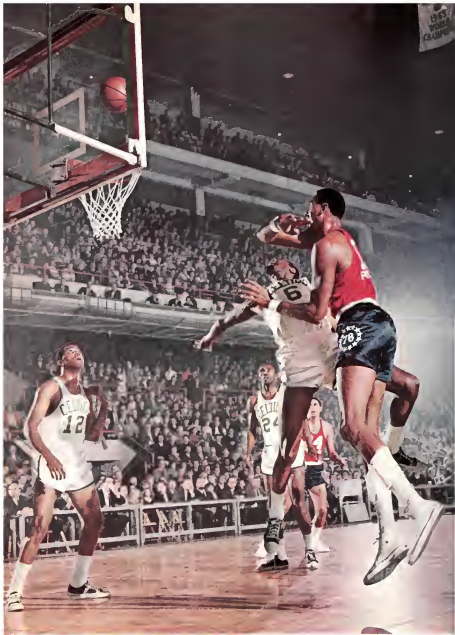
The retirement of Forward Tom Heinsohn could not be discounted easily either. Always a tough offensive rebounder and a clutch point-getter, he had rarely been given credit for his alert ball-sniping. He was just 31 in August but insisted he wanted to quit to give full time to his insurance business, though he hinted that he would return if alma mater got in trouble. Heinsohn has not worked out, however, and is nowhere near playing shape. "We're going to miss Tommy," said Auerbach, "and I got no help in the draft." As a dam hope to partially fill the vacancy, Auerbach acquired Don Nelson, who had been put on waivers by Los Angeles.

Age, too, seemed to be a Boston habit.

continued

High Scorer John Havlicek lifts the ball well over block attempts by rookie Billy Cunningham (22) and Walt Chamberlain.





ity. Of the five starters, K. C. Jones is 33, Sam Jones 32, Naulls and Russell 31 and Sanders 28—the oldest group of regulars in the league. Were they slower? Could they recover from injuries as quickly as formerly? Russell scoffed at such questions. "You guys have been saying that we're getting old for the past five years now," he told the press, "and still we keep winning. It's going to be the same this year."

None of the other Celtics were in need of tranquilizers either. "I don't think there's anything to be alarmed about," said Havlicek. "There's no worry, not yet," said K. C. Jones. "Once we start worrying, then we're in trouble. You have to have that confidence." Auerbach fretted less of all. "After those three losses everybody panicked but my players and me," he said.

Red was so confident that he took off most of last week to visit his family in Washington, to deliver two elder-statesman speeches in Tennessee and to work on his autobiography, due in the book-stalls next fall. (His first work, *Basketball for the Player, the Fan and the Coach*, has sold 600,000 copies and has been translated into Italian, Polish, Rumanian and Russian. If the next Russian Olympic basketball coach wears wild sports jackets and gripes constantly at the referees, the world will know why.) In the boss's absence Russell ran a series of tough practices at the Cambridge YMCA.

In one scrimmage Ron Bonham was playing against Willie Naulls. Both are normally as mild-mannered as Clark Kent. In fact, Bonham had been razed because he had not always fared well last season as a rookie in the NBA's cruel initiation rites of shoving, hacking, elbowing and other humiliations borrowed from the middle of the Chicago Bears' line. In the rough play this day Naulls lost his temper after catching one too many elbows and started punching. Their teammates separated them, and Bonham stalked off the court toward the locker room.

Russell ordered him back, apparently to stage a handshake ceremony, but the combatants started bickering again

and Bonham hit Naulls in the face. Again teammates had to step in. The two were finally cooled off and went through the rest of the workout without incident. If the Celtics were not worried, they were at least edgy and anxious to prove something to themselves as well as the rest of the league.

Friday night they did, beating the Baltimore Bullets 129-118 for their first road victory of the season. Naulls, none the worse for his boxing exhibition, scored 28 points, and Sam Jones added 27, mostly in the second half. Now Boston was 4-3 but still third in the Eastern Division.

Saturday night in the Boston Garden the Celtics met the first-place team, the Philadelphia 76ers. If something besides injuries and Heinsohn's absence was wrong with the Celtics, it certainly would show up in this game. Even if nothing else developed, those two handicaps could easily prove crucial against Philadelphia, which had always battled the Celtics on even terms and now had a strong, hustling rookie in Billy Cunningham and a new backcourt man, Wally Jones, who could shoot nearly as well as teammate Hal Greer and could run a sparkling fast break. Every NBA team, sick to death of the perennial champions, was eager to exploit Boston's supposed weakness. This was especially true of the 76ers. They had lost the seventh and final game of the Eastern playoffs last year by a single point when Havlicek anticipated a last-seconds out-of-bounds play and intercepted the pass.

A capacity crowd wedged into the Garden, leaving hundreds stranded outside. The fanatics down in Philly watched on television. It was a natural. There was Russell vs. Chamberlain in a duel of the \$100,000 protomen. Their various and vocal supporters had always argued over which was better; now they were debating which had the fatter wallet. If the 76ers were hotter, the Celtics resented the fuss over Philadelphia's early victories. "Philadelphia hasn't done anything yet," Auerbach said. "They've won two games at home and one on the road. I don't think that's so much. What is this, Italy?" It was a good buildup for the game, that's what.

From the tip-off, both teams played as if it were the final game of the playoffs all over again instead of an early-season conditioner. Russell and Chamberlain baited so many balls away from

their respective baskets that it sometimes looked like a two-man volleyball game. The Celtics jumped off to a 13-6 lead in the first quarter, but Naulls felt his injured hamstring hurting again and Sam Jones rejured the little finger of his shooting hand. Both stayed in the game. Boston led at the end of the first quarter 28-23, mainly because Naulls, Russell, K. C. and the others were battling for, and getting, the second and third shots. It was a scrappy offensive rebounding exhibition that Heinsohn, sitting in the stands, must have admired. Auerbach kept Havlicek beside him on the bench through this period, waiting for the proper moment to unleash his sixth man. When Havlicek got in he was cold at first, and though he began to hit in the second quarter the other Celtics could not locate the basket and Philadelphia left at half time with a 48-45 lead. Chamberlain was agitated at his own and others' mistakes and was acting as if he cared desperately about the outcome. Greer and Cunningham were superb.

It took almost the entire third period for the Celtics to battle back to a 69-69 tie, thanks largely to beautiful moves and sharp shooting by Havlicek, K. C.'s defensive work and, surprisingly, the play of that Los Angeles custodian, Don Nelson. The husky 6-foot-6 former Iowa star blocked a shot by Russell, was the center man once on a fast break and had eight points and eight rebounds in less than half the game.

Going into the fourth quarter the Celtics led 71-69, but in the next few minutes, with a typical Boston surge, they ran the 76ers right through the door, down a ramp and out onto Causeway Street. Havlicek, Nelson and Sam Jones scored 11 points, while Chamberlain managed two for Philadelphia. Boston kept about that margin the rest of the way and won 101-91. Nelson scored the last three points, Havlicek hit 31 and Sam, even with the sore finger, had 21. Russell outrebounded Wilt 29 to 24.

Outside the Celtics' locker room the brewery executives and Tommy Heinsohn had to wait patiently until the team settled down a little. Finally the door was opened, and amid the clatter of towels and well-wishers that eminent author, Red Auerbach, could be seen sipping from a can of the correct brand of beer and smugly sucking on his cigar. Red was in his heaven and all was well with Boston.

END

MARVIN K. MARSH

During one of his most determined performances as a pro, Chamberlain nearly sends Russell double as he gets off shot.

THE GREATEST MEETS THE GRIMMEST

by MARTIN KANE

In the garish limelight of Las Vegas the boastful champion, Cassius Clay, and the dour ex-champion, Floyd Patterson, train amid distractions for the fight they both consider a sort of religious war



Both of the principals were finally on the scene last week in the garish, befuddling, time-is-out-of-whack oasis that is Las Vegas, and if Cassius Clay was riding horseback at dawn out at Thunderbird Downs and Floyd Patterson was gloomily walking The Strip at dusk, it meant only that each was concentrating on the November 22 heavy-weight championship fight in his own predictable fashion.

Clay had hardly arrived in Las Vegas on Wednesday when it became obvious that his fashion is still mercurial. He is training for Patterson with a seriousness that he cannot maintain for more than a round or two. Then he must pause to clown or quip. He will somberly protest against the use of his "slave name,"

Cassius Clay, in preflight publicity and demand that it be expunged from a sign outside the Stardust Hotel. The sign reads: MUHAMMAD ALI (CASSIUS CLAY) TRAINING HERE DAILY AFTER 1 P.M. He told Fred Brooks, president of SportsVision, which will telecast the fight to Europe by Early Bird satellite, that the sign would have to be corrected or he would refuse to fight.

But the sign remained unchanged. After all, it is hard to live a good name down. And Muhammad Ali (accent on the last syllable, as in *The Rose of Tralee*), having made his point, did not raise the question again. He seems to make such demands essentially for the record and for their propaganda effect, and always in the presence of his Black Mus-

lim companions. Moments after such a resounding declaration he can be found ribbing his idol, Joe Louis, with impertinent questions.

"Joe," he asked at dinner one night, "do you think I could have beaten you in your prime?"

"If you even dreamed it," Louis replied, not entirely appreciating the insolent humor, "you should apologize."

As for Patterson, he is at the opposite extreme. He is grim almost to the point of surliness, except in public appearances on radio or television. At those he answers questions with polite aplomb. To Patterson this fight must be the most important of his life, more important even than the exhilarating battle against Archie Moore in which he won the



At Thunderbird Downs track, where he does his roadwork, impulsive Cassius sets off on a mile gallop, while moody Floyd strolls The Strip.

heavyweight championship of the world. Defeat is a sorry business for all prizefighters, but in the introverted, introspective Patterson it causes an agony of shame. He knew and cherished glory, quietly, and when he thought he lost it he felt that he had lost everything, even though the history books of boxing record that he was not only the youngest heavyweight champion, he was the only one to regain his title after defeat. History is important to Patterson, but not so important as the moment.

Almost everything happening in Las Vegas now emphasizes the fact that these opponents are two entirely different men, in boxing style and in temperament. Clay has been concentrating on defensive maneuvers that can only be

described as masterly and, at the same time, perhaps ill-conceived. He treats sparring partners with gentle regard. Even his jabs, as his trainer, Angelo Dundee, pointed out at one sparring session, "are delivered at half speed."

Patterson, on the other hand, has been thumping his men without mercy. He is concentrating on offense, and even more on what is known in the sport as "viciousness," though that is a misnomer. One might as well say that Mickey Mantle hits a baseball viciously. Not since the second fight with Ingemar Johansson has Patterson trained so fiercely. One day he downed a hefty sparring partner with a straight left—something that does not happen often. The punch was so effective that many thought it a hook, but it was,

in fact, the rarely seen "slip jab," delivered after moving half a step to the right.

Clay's concern with defense is nothing new. The day after he won his gold medal at the Rome Olympics of 1960 an impressed spectator, wondering if he could take a punch, asked him if he ever had been hit hard. "Man," he said, "I don't ever want to be hit ever." Well, he has sometimes been hit hard, and he has risen to each such occasion, but these tests have been few. Offense is less important to him, because he hits instinctively, seeing opportunity and responding to it reflexively the instant it appears. In sparring sessions last week he was performing marvels of blocking or otherwise avoiding punches, deliberately letting himself be cornered against the ropes, leaning

continued

backward over them with chin exposed and hands down. He was even displaying the rarely seen feat of slipping punches with his body, turning it away from a blow to render the punch less effective when it lands. There is also Clay's footwork, so graceful and so effective as to be astonishing in a heavyweight, and each day he was working on it, round after round, backing up, turning and twisting—maneuvers that have frustrated every professional fighter he has met, with the possible exception of Doug Jones.

His defensive training is not merely evasive, however. Each day, for at least one round, Clay lets his brother, Rahman Ali, the erstwhile Rudolph Valentino Clay, pound his belly with such force as to make one marvel that Cassius can tolerate it for three minutes. Dundee holds that the medicine ball is less effective than the human fist in toughening the belly muscles and, since Dundee once had five champions in his care at the same time, what Dundee holds is worth trying to grasp. "It took me months to do it," Dundee said, "but, thank God, I got him off the medicine ball." Patterson, though, sticks to the big ball.

All this training goes on in a curious setting, one that is a world away from the stark, austere and lonely camps that Patterson chooses for himself when he train. Clay works out in the Seardust Hotel's Continental Lounge, Patterson in the Thunderbird Hotel's Concert Theater. Both are nightclubs when in normal use, and the rings, speed bags, heavy bags and other equipment are set up on stages where chorus girls are wont to prance. The crowds who attend, and pay \$1 for the privilege of watching each session, are not like the knowing ones who used to journey to Ehsan's or Greenwood Lake in the New York City area. They want entertainment. Clay supplies some, with quips and glowing, but also retains the services of the oldtime comedian, Stepin Fetchak, whose earlier days were palmer. Step's favorite assessment of himself: "You're looking at a man who made a million dollars in the movies and lost three million on the horses."

There are no paid comics in Patterson's entourage, nor does he appreciate those from the night clubs on The Strip who turn up at his workouts. He was disturbed in training one day by the appearance on his stage of such showfolk as Eddie Fisher, the singer, and comedians Jackie Leonard and Don Rickles,

all of whom are appearing in Las Vegas. Leonard was especially ebullient, in his customary style, and Patterson glowered as his concentration was disturbed by the fat comic. This was entirely out of line, in Patterson's estimation, with the requirements of the sacred rite of training. But Leonard is not easily quelled and, after a bit, Patterson was forced into a meager smile. Eventually he consented to pose for photographs while Fisher and Leonard pretended to box him.

The show-business complexion of the fight is unavoidable, since Hollywood is less than an hour's flight from Las Vegas and Las Vegas itself is clogged with stars. In the happy opinion of Harold Conrad, publicist for the match, it will be the "dressed fight" since Georges Carpentier lured the society mob to Boyle's Thirty Acres for the French fighter's brief encounter with Jack Dempsey. Conrad has already received reservations from such as Frank Sinatra and his Rat Pack, and from Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. The promoters expect Eddie Fisher will sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, though some doubt has been cast on this by Clay, who would prefer a Negro singer named Roy Hamilton.

"You want Fisher because he's white," Cassius protested to SportsVision's harried Brooks. "Fisher has had all the breaks he needs, because he's white. You say Fisher is a bigger name than Hamilton? I say he isn't." The matter rested there, Clay having again made his point of racial discrimination, and preparations moved forward for Fisher to do the singing. Incidentally, Patterson's favorite singer and a constant member of his entourage is Mickey Allan, who is white. (It is awkward to bring up such matters, but they are part of the scene.)

On his first full day in Las Vegas, where he arrived with a fanfare of predictions that he would "punish" Patterson for the latter's statements about him and the Black Muslims in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Oct. 11), Clay and four members of his party made a point of visiting the city's Negro section. There he complimented himself on his gesture. "You ever heard of a champion coming out here to meet the people like this?" he demanded. "With those other champs you'd have to make an appointment and wear a tie to get to see them." He went to a Negro barbershop, where all five got haircuts and attracted a small crowd. "Come down in a group," he told them, "and

I'll get you into my workouts free."

Perhaps because it will be seen in Europe on home television, though only on theater TV in the U.S., the fight has attracted an extraordinary number of applications for ringside seats from the foreign press. From Sweden, where Patterson is a national hero, there have been no fewer than 32 applications, and there have been 15 from British newspapers. There have even been three from Tokyo, which has hitherto not been noticeably interested in heavyweight prizefighting.

At the weekend the going Las Vegas odds favored Clay at 14 to 5 in the equivalent of man-to-man betting. The spread might have been even wider but for a certain amount of sentimental wagering on Floyd as a personable and modest fellow when he held the title. And it may also take into account Clay's crusading for Black Muslimism. Neither consideration will be of much value when the two men enter the ring.

There is nothing in Clay's manner to indicate he has given any thought to the possibility of losing to Patterson on November 22, and when he looks beyond that date he is equally contemptuous of the man whom the World Boxing Association now proclaims as holder of its version of the world heavyweight championship, Ernie Terrell.

Ernie retains his title at the other scene of heavyweight prizefight action last week, Toronto, where he scored a unanimous 15-round decision over George Chuvalo, the Croatian Canuck, who protested afterward, with tears and sobs, that his defeat was all the fault of his manager, Irving Ungerman. Chuvalo explained that he could not, for some reason or other, expect to enjoy the benefit of impartial officiating in Toronto, which is his home town. The accused Ungerman, who in real life is a poultryman, all but copped a plea. He, too, ranted against the officials. It made a fascinating, if inharmonious, duet.

But the officials were right. Terrell thoroughly best Chuvalo with a single weapon, his left jab, which is a very sound piece technically, and vastly enhanced by a reach of 82 inches—five inches longer than Chuvalo's—and a long thumb, which is yet to be listed in his official measurements. The jab found Chuvalo's head with monotonous insistence, and the thumb found Chuvalo's eye with equal artistry. In the eighth round Referee Sammy Luftspring halted

continued



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the proceedings briefly to explain to the contestants that they really ought to fight like gentlemen. Chuvale had been responding to the thumb by stomping on Terrell's feet and by trying, with indifferent effect, to spit in his eye. (George should not be blamed too much for missing. It is very difficult to spit accurately through a mouthpiece.) He also huffed on those rare occasions when he was close enough to do so. As for Terrell, "His thumb got longer and longer as the fight went along," Luftspring said, and when he clinched with Chuvale he scraped the Canadian's back with his wrist tape, leaving two vertical red welts, one of them a foot and a half long. It was a fine brawl, but not an edifying spectacle for the young. The elders in the crowd loved it.

Terrell vs. Clay or Terrell vs. Patterson is all but certain to be the outcome of the Toronto affair and the coming Las Vegas encounter. This is logical, for it would end the boning confusion of having two simultaneous claimants to the heavyweight title. It would be an interesting fight, too, because the Terrell jab, which is effective both offensively and defensively, would present a problem to either Clay or Patterson that would have to be solved.

Angelo Dundee has thoroughgoing respect for Terrell's jab, since he taught it to him, but he feels that the 6-foot-6 Terrell does not use it to best advantage. With left foot extended fully forward and right foot similarly extended backward, says Dundee, Terrell is unable to use his right hand effectively. From such a position the right invariably will fall short and, knowing this himself, Terrell seldom bothers with it. But he does have a good left hook, and once in a while, when his mind is not fixed on the jab, he throws it. Nor does Terrell take proper advantage of his great height, in Dundee's opinion, since, instead of standing upright, he bends forward. Someone should have told Chuvale.

But to Clay's men in Las Vegas, Terrell's jab is a long way in the future. It is Patterson that Clay is jabbing now—verbally, until fight night. Predicting a knockout along about the seventh or eighth round, he has added another couplet to his own *Garden of Verses*:

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THE GRAND PRIX WAS A GASSER

by LIZ SMITH

Dress was informal—and remarkable—at Riverside's big race, a swinging affair where 84,478 people focused intermittently on speed and spin-outs but mostly on their own gaudy show

SHILOH & LOBO





I just might be the only person in the world whose parents went to the Indianapolis 500 on their honeymoon. Until a fortnight ago this small and rather curious fact was my only link with the sport of auto racing. Then an opportunity came to attend the eighth annual Los Angeles Times Grand Prix at Riverside, Calif., and I took it eagerly. After all, as I was informed, it had become one of America's classic sports car races. I must admit, however, that there was another reason for my eagerness. I had also learned that Riverside's race weekend could be a wild and swinging

affair. Hadn't the young race hounds at Watkins Glen, N.Y.,—a clean-cut group of collegians—recently set fire to the bales of hay at the track and tossed two motorcycles into the flames for good measure? Who knew what bongos might be bonged, what frugs might be frugged and what local tribal customs I might observe in the interest of edifying my sheltered eastern friends?

Riverside International Raceway turned out to be a seared, tan saucer bucked by dun-colored hills that resembled carelessly crumpled tortillas. The race weekend was

continued



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marked by southern California's worst smog in nine years, a gullet-filling, nose-burning, eye-blistering gaseous haze that had drifted the 50 miles from Los Angeles and was aggravating an environment already burdened with drought-dusty upper-90° temperatures. The raceway was simply a sizzling platter during the time trials, but the myriad of heat-seekers roaming the grounds did not seem to mind. One ducktailed sybarite, as impervious to sunstroke as the rest, strolled past, wearing a T shirt bearing only one word, "Boo!" While the uninitiated might think he was simply celebrating the Halloween weekend, I had been clued in that boo is the slang word for pot, weed or Mary Jane—you know, marijuana. My interest quickened.

As a conscientious reporter I duly noted the presence of such big names in racing as Jim Clark, the world champion driver; of the Indianapolis men, A. J. Foyt, Parnelli Jones and Mario Andretti; of the visiting Europeans Graham Hill and Bruce McLaren, of Dan Gurney and Walt Hansgen, Jim Hall and Hap Sharp, Ronnie Bucknum and Ken Miles.

In the pits crews were pumpering approximately \$600,000 worth of sports two-seaters which would never carry more than one person—the driver. These cars seemed to be puny, tubercular metallic animals at first, their delicate mechanisms sputtering and coughing—until they rolled out onto the track. Then they would roar like pained paranoias.

The pit crews seemed to love their work. And no wonder. They were surrounded by acres of girls, girls, girls. And what girls! Mother never saw girls like this at Indianapolis. There was a chick wearing a black-leather Courrèges chamber-pot hat, gold sandals and skintight purple hip-huggers. There were two fabulously endowed starlets or models or mothers or something, sunbathing on the concrete-block pit wall in bikinis. There was a sullen Elizabeth Taylor type in a silver lamé shirt (this at 2 p.m. on one of the hottest days of the year in a country that would have made Pancho Villa nervous). There was Mrs. John McEum, wife of the Houston racing-car builder, standing in moneyed silk Pucci splendor near her husband's Lola. There was a sweet young thing in khaki stretch-jersey overalls watching Andretti, a comedian, cracking a braided whip at his pit crew. There were tighter than tight pants with flowered bell-bottoms and,

up above, cowboy hats. There was a blonde sitting in an air-conditioned car with the motor running, her bare feet up on the dash. There were classy-looking dames surrounding a powder-blue-covered Jimmy Clark, who was parked off alone with his own group. There was a blonde college girl who wore a fuchsia vinyl top with a big matching hat and a bathing suit hidden underneath it all.

Then there were the males of the species, with their philosophy that you were out unless you were in a T shirt that talked. The varieties were endless and some of the printable ones read: HELP STAMP OUT CALIFORNIA DRUG RACING; GO STRAIGHT TO HELL DO NOT PASS GO DO NOT COLLECT \$200; COORS, BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS; COBRA, BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS; SEX SATISFIES; SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL FUZZ; PARTICIPANT 1965 WATTS RIOT.

One shirt bore only a picture—a copy of an engraving depicting a Roman bacchanal. With these splendid playthings everyone seemed to wear either a hat or a variety of beard. There were ten gallons, hoisting and golling caps, a hat consisting solely of madras petals, a Marine garrison hat from World War I, every kind of planter's straw and even a deer-stalker.

Although every person entering the pit area had signed a contract absolving the raceway of responsibility in case of accident and there had already been one crash putting David Hobbs' Lola T-70 out of action, the pits were full of these exotic spectators. They weren't watching the trials, either; they left that to the squares in the grandstands. "That's another attraction of racing, you know—all these chicks," said a Tucson, Ariz. racing enthusiast serving as an official for the Grand Prix. "Each car has a driver and four crew members and they bring their wives and girl friends, and those dames try to outdo each other in short shorts or whatever else is the fad. That's their way to get recognition. Same way with those guys who hang around but don't race. Everybody here is an exhibitionist. It's the nature of car racing. You see, regardless of what kind of auto you drive, you associate yourself with these drivers and you say to yourself, 'I wonder if I could do it?' And you think you could. These kids come here not only for excitement but because everybody in the world is a potential racing driver."

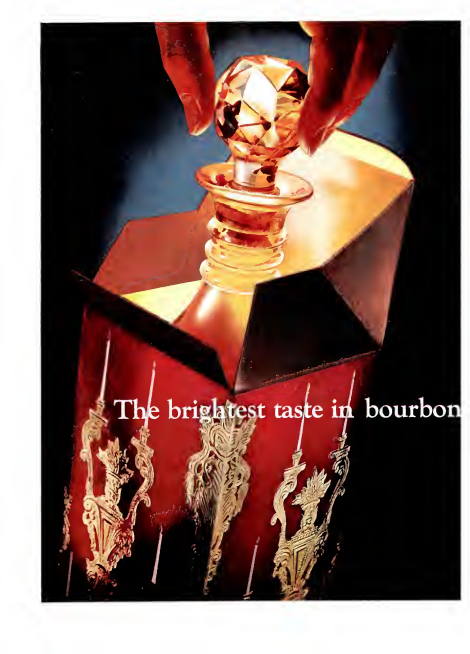
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BUILT BETTER BECAUSE
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This philosophy particularly applies in the Los Angeles area, where the car is god, there being 3,210,000 of these indispensable smog-producing household pets. Clifton Fadiman recently described life in California by paraphrasing Lincoln Steffens' faded pronouncement on the U.S.S.R. ("I have been over in the future and it works"). Mr. Fadiman quipped of his adopted state, "We have seen the future—and it plays."

They were playing like mad at Riverside Raceway, milling around with sophisticated insouciance, buying car emblems and patches from the hawkers, watching the cars now and again and switching great quantities of beer. The rising dust from the roaring cars lifted to meet the lowering smog, a situation not paralleled by the ubiquitous low-rise hip-hugger and the barely adequate bolero. "Would you like to join the Freedom Fighters?" one Fu Manchu mustache asked a man with a spade beard. "Man," snorted the beard, "what freedom you fighting, anyway?"

The afternoon wore on, and eventually, at cocktail time, the track went quiet and the elite met to sample imported beer and cheese at an exclusive bash being given in the Mission Inn's Spanish-flavored Music Room by the British consulate general and British Motor Car Distributors Ltd. Here there was an air of respectability, but I managed to spot an unconventional bloke or two. British Motor Sports Writer Bill Gavin, who had Vidal Sassoon hangs identical to those worn by his wife, held forth on why the English did not hope to win at Riverside. "There is no weight limit on these cars. To develop a car capable of winning you need to campaign it over 10 or 12 races. Outside the U.S. this type race is rarely held." An American motor sports magazine publisher with waxed blond mustache, Dave Davis, sampled first a Queen's Ale, then a Watney's Stingo, then a Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider to celebrate "the 10 years since I got my new face after being dragged under a racer at Sacramento." Someone pointed out a neat, silent chap as Art Arfons, who was to set the world record for speed, 336 miles per hour, until last week, when Craig Breedlove went faster—and regained the record Sunday by doing 576. Someone else asked Graham Hill to hold still for a picture, and Jackie Stewart, the wee Scot, stood around accepting congratulations on a brand-new

9-pound 3-ounce baby boy. A British accent began singing flat over a muke as a piano thumped out *A Bicycle Built for Two*. Except for a certain lunging at the hors d'oeuvres, it was a cocktail party in the most civilized tradition. "What a wonderful contrast it will make," I told a new friend, "to the wild ones out in the fields, where those yo-yos even now are soup-ing themselves up on sneaky pete, Coors and who knows—boo!"

"I beg your pardon," said a girl in a white fox stole.

It was past midnight when other sociologists and I swung out of the Mission Inn and silently sped to the darkened racetrack. At the end of Day Street near the track, cars and campers and trailers and station wagons and old panel trucks were lined up on both sides of the dusty road, faced in the direction of the raceway entrance. "That's so they'll get to roar right in with a kind of drag race of their own at 6 a.m., when the official rocket goes up off our observation tower," said our driver. As we idled down the center of the street we saw a few youngsters standing huddled around fires. More were rolled up in blankets already sacked out and many were asleep in their cars. At the other area staked out by the cops for parking, on Pigeon Pass Road, the situation was the same. There were not many girls, no music, few bonfires, no dancing and less beer drinking than at the Mission Inn. At one point a young man came to the car window and said, "Sir, would you put on your parking lights only. We're trying to make love here." There was no sign of it. Either these kids had never seen the movie *Where the Girls Are* or else the police had cracked down so rigidly that they had put a general quietus on the scene. "Well, it sure isn't Fort Lauderdale," someone sighed. "Next thing we know these kids will take to smoking grapevines and corn silk."

We returned to the inn, where it was infinitely madder. The cocktail waitress was wearing a Birdahl sticker on each side of her chest and someone had put a T-shirt advertising "Moon Equipped" drag-racing products on the marble bust of Diana in the hotel hallway.

On Sunday a record crowd wedged into the valley in smog so thick it was palpable. "The crowd today is 84,478, a new record," said the announcer. One had to take his word for it, as you could not see very clearly through air

continued



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RIVERSIDE continued

that was the color of a warm daiquiri.

Of the 84,478, perhaps 4,000 had come to watch the race. The others ambled around, seeking the colorful alley of tents called the Rue du Grand Prix, where a combo poured out an electrically amplified big heat. Here barefoot racing enthusiasts did the Watusi. "This scene is incredible," said one Indianapolis veteran. "Look at these crowds, and the grandstand is empty."

Out on the 2.6-mile circuit the cars moved like thundering, flickering shadows through the smaze, with the leaders hitting 157 mph on the back straightaway. Texan Hap Sharp, a 37-year-old Santa-shaped man, won in record time. His Chaparral II, with a fiber-glass chassis, fiber-glass body and secret automatic transmission, rolled along at an untroubled 102,989 miles per hour, surpassing the record of 99,245 set last year by Parnelli Jones. With Olympia beer cans becoming mountainous heaps at trackside, Scotland's Jimmy Clark finished second in his Lotus 40, 11 seconds behind Sharp. Bruce McLaren followed in a creation he calls "The McLaren-Elva Special Mark I."

The victory was worth \$14,640 to Sharp, who has been called a Texas banker. "I know where the mistake came from," said the winner. "Someone quoted me as saying I owned several banks in Texas. What I said was that I *owed* several Texas banks."

To questions about how this automatic transmission works, Sharp rubbed his red eyes wearily and answered cheerily. "I ain't going to tell you how it works."

An unseen jet from nearby March Air Force Base propelled a jolting sonic boom across the valley. It was perfectly timed. The race cars had come safely home through the thickening air, and the noise shook at least 20,000 people awake who, full of beer and smog, had crawled into cars and trailers to sleep it off. A freshening wind blew in more smog from L.A. Sharp and a victory party rolled along the freeway to Santa Monica and ended up at The Ball on Wilshire Boulevard, where the waitresses not only take your orders but also dance quite undressed. "This is kind of disconcerting," said Sharp to Carroll Shelby. "I've been to 10 county fairs but I ain't never seen nothing like this."

Considering the weekend and all its parts, neither have I. **END**

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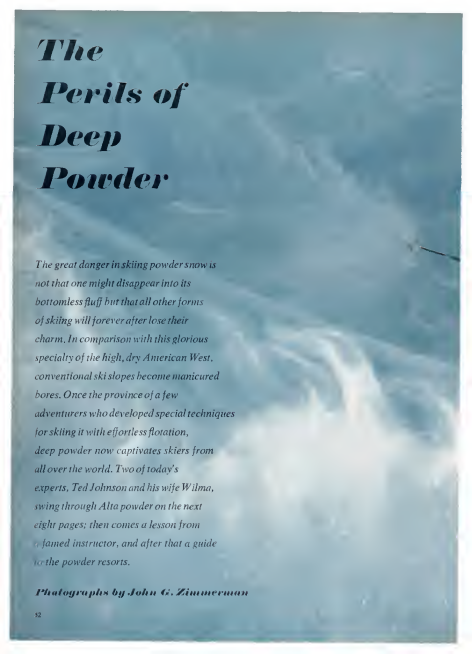
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The Perils of Deep Powder

The great danger in skiing powder snow is not that one might disappear into its bottomless fluff but that all other forms of skiing will forever after lose their charm. In comparison with this glorious specialty of the high, dry American West, conventional ski slopes become manicured bores. Once the province of a few adventurers who developed special techniques for skiing it with effortless flotation, deep powder now captivates skiers from all over the world. Two of today's experts, Ted Johnson and his wife Wilma, swing through Alta powder on the next eight pages; then comes a lesson from a famed instructor, and after that a guide to the powder resorts.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman







Crust flies as Ted Johnson blasts through powder hardened by wind

In the swirling cloud of a turn, only an arm and pole are visible









Together the Johnsons swoop down a Wasatch landscape





by Eddie Morris with Paul Stewart

How to Float the Fluff

The best powder instructor in the country is Eddie Morris, assistant director of Alf Engen's ski school in Alta, Utah. Morris is a calm and reasonable man—good to have around on a first encounter with the bottomless snow that unnerves the best of skiers. Once a Morris pupil is relaxed and "sitting back," he is soon floating through powder, his skis planing like a hydrofoil. Steep slopes do not seem so steep with deep powder to brake the descent, and the snow itself is so light and dry that the skier seems to sail through his turn. On the following pages Morris shows you how to ski western powder, a technique that a parallel skier can master during a week's vacation. The lesson begins at the right, as Eddie shows how to sit back and enjoy yourself.



"**SIT IN A CHAIR THAT ISN'T THERE,**" says Eddie Morris. "Start by lowering your hips to this position. Keep your back and neck straight. Press your knees and ankles forward until you feel pressure against the front of your boots. Keep your weight directly over your boots, not pitched forward as in hard-pack (dotted lines)." On the opposite page Welma Johnson exhibits flawless posture as she glides through a turn.

CONTINUED



"**WEIGHT BOTH SKIS EQUALLY,**" Eddie tells his students. Morris believes the current practice of keeping weight on the downhill ski is overtaught. "We need both skis to keep us afloat in powder," says Eddie. To start a powder turn, sink down a little from normal powder posture, then unweight by rising out of that "chair" and lifting your skis with your knees. The skis will plane up in the snow, allowing you to twist your feet in the direction you want to go. As you enter the fall line, sink down again to weight both skis, thrusting them down and out of the fall line. A strong heel thrust slows you down and controls the radius of the deep powder turn. "Bank your skis in a powder turn. Don't edge them as you would on a packed slope," warns Eddie. "You'll fall!"

"**USE FLEXIBLE SKIS.** Without them you are stuck," cautions Eddie. A stiff ski will dive in deep powder, a flexible one will plane up. In the diagram at right, a 180-pound man stands on Head's Competition Giant Slalom ski (top) and the company's Deep Powder model. Not only is the powder ski more flexible fore and aft, but its deflection is greatest where it counts, just ahead of the binding. The huge flex action of the tip—"the shovel," Eddie calls it—keeps the ski and skier afloat, planing in deep powder.





"YOU CAN'T BLUFF IN THE FLUFF," is a Morris maxim. If your weight is too far forward your tips will sink and you will wind up head down in the deep snow (left). If you weight your downhill ski the uphill ski floats still farther uphill and the lower ski sticks and throws you (center). If your weight is too far back, your skis will run out from under you on steep powder slopes, leaving you behind.



"ACCENTUATE THE ANGLE," says Morris. Drive your hips farther into the hill for the steep powder slopes (right) than you would for hard-pack conditions or easier runs (left). The lower angle of your hips keeps your body low, increasing both leverage and stability needed in deeper snow.

CONTINUED



"THE POLE STARTS THE SWING," says Morris, who shows what he means in the perfect powder turn above. The touch of his pole to the snow initiates the unweighting. When he completes one turn, his opposite pole and hip are already cocked, ready for another. "One good turn deserves another—right away," Eddie says. Establish a slow, smooth rhythm as you float through your powder turns. "Hold pole action to a minimum. Flailing your poles will upset your rhythm. The baskets should never be more than a foot off the snow," says Eddie. Another Morris tip: "Look about 20 yards down a slope. Looking down at your skis tells your neck too far forward."

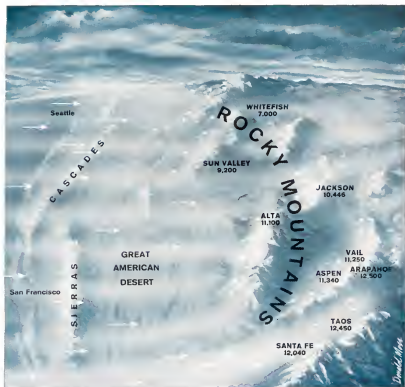
"SLASH THROUGH CRUST," Eddie advises. Snow and wind often form patches of crust on powder. To break through it, lock your knees and ankles together and set both edges in a quick and powerful thrust. Relax your edges as you check your speed. Then go on to the next turn. There is almost no skid in a crust turn. If you hesitate, crust stops your skis short and topples you downslope. "In difficult snow, make your first turns at five miles per hour. Get a rhythm of 'grandma' turns going before you let out the throttle. Keep standing. Don't lose touch with the snow," says Eddie, who is shown blazing through at the right.



CONTINUED

The Powder Line: Whitefish to Santa Fe

by Fred R. Smith



The ski resorts of the Rocky Mountains owe an enormous debt to the Sierras and the Cascades. The mountains along the Pacific coast thrust their teeth into the prevailing weather as it moves west to east and comb the moisture out of the air. The winds that have crossed the Pacific are heavy with water, and the snow that is dropped from them is, accordingly, a heavy, damp snow. These winds blow on for 500 miles across the high, dry plateau of the Great American Desert until they hit the great wall of the Rockies. Once again they are driven upward, now in a northeasterly direction, and once again snow falls, but this time snow which, like a soufflé, is more air than matter—a gallon bucket of it melts to a cup of

water. This is western powder, and when it falls in depths of more than 250 inches in a season, as it does in the ski areas along the Continental Divide, it produces a bottomless blanket. The nine resorts shown above have the right combination of very cold nights to keep the snow dry, steep slopes, with altitudes above 7,000 feet, and very high timberlines to hold the powder safely out of the crashing wind. In the Alps the timberline is only 6,000 feet, but in the Rockies it goes up to 12,000 feet, and this makes all the difference to the resorts described on the opposite page. The time to find the best powder in most of them is from mid-January to March 1. White area directors—not lodge owners—for where-to-stay information.

WHITEFISH, Mont., most northerly U.S. powder area, makes up in latitude what it lacks in altitude. Its Big Mountain is only 7,000 feet at the summit (heights on map are top of skiable area), but there is plenty of powder that never gets skied off—there are no crowds. From the top of the mountain there are wide bowls that descend into parklike runs. The best powder run is directly beneath the one double chair, which, incidentally, is 6,800 feet long and rises 2,000 feet. The Lodge and the Chalet right at the mountain can accommodate 150 skiers, and the timber town of Whitefish, which is on the main line of the Great Northern Railway, has rooms for 500 more. The best powder instructor in Karl Handerman's ski school is Jim Black.

JACKSON HOLE, Wyo. opens next week as a ski area of staggering dimensions. Its 63-passenger aerial tram is 12,500 feet (2½ miles) long, with a vertical rise of 4,135 feet—truly Alpine statistics. There are three double chair lifts as well, but they face south-east to the winter sun, a hazardous direction for powder snow, even in coldest Jackson. But from the top of the tram there will be enough powder to wear the legs off a Ted Johnson on the east-facing areas of this gigantic mountain. Even above timberline there are bowls protected from the wind. Rendezvous Run on the south side of the tram and Sleeping Indian are the best powder trails, but the skier who is expert enough for the top of this mountain will be able to pick and choose his snow all over the landscape. Five lodges are being completed at the area. Pepi Stiegler, the Austrian gold and bronze medalist at Innsbruck, leads the ski school.

SUN VALLEY, Idaho was never particularly thought of as a powder-snow place when it was the showplace of the Union Pacific Railroad. In fact, if fresh powder fell at night the ski patrol and instructors would pack it down for the guests early next morning. Today's guests would pack up and leave if anyone messed up new powder, and the Janss brothers, who bought the resort last year, are improving the powder trails. The six Sun Valley bowls have good powder when conditions are perfect, but they are above the timberline and get sun-softened or

windblown frequently. Bill Janss has had the big evergreen glade of the Warm Springs area on the north side thinned out to provide a downhill powder run of 2½ miles, with plenty of trees left to hold the snow. The best powder instructors in Sigi Engf's school are Raymond Wurzenreiner, Conrad Staudinger, Lenore Erharter and Paul Ramlow.

ALTA, Utah invented deep powder. It has an enormous variety of bowls, gulches, chutes and slopes—all steep enough to make full use of the fabulous light snow. Because of Alta's northern exposure the season starts at Thanksgiving, when powder hounds and ski instructors from other western resorts congregate to get their legs and technique in shape. Alf Engen, Eddie Morris and Gene Huber are the best instructors. They take their students to Yellow Trail, Wildcat and High Rustler. It takes a long traverse to reach High Rustler, but the trek is worth it for the powder skier. High Rustler plunges three-quarters of a mile at an average pitch of 40° from Rustler Peak to the door of the Alta Lodge. When the choice spots are skied out the powder hounds disappear over the ridge to lifeless Peruvian Gulch, or like over Germania Pass to Gad Valley, another seldom-skied paradise.

VAIL, Colo. has the best powder skiing in Colorado, thanks to its proximity to the Continental Divide and the fact that all of its 11,250 feet is below timberline. Its back bowls, with two miles of downhill, face south, but since they sweep in almost 300° areas, the powder is usually good somewhere. The Over Yonder side of Sun Up Bowl is the expert's choice. Riva Ridge is long, ever-changing and tough, but if you get there before the crowd it is the best powder run on the north side. Roger Staub, Swiss giant-slammer gold medalist at Squaw Valley, is the new ski school director. The best powder teachers are Tom Jacobson, Bill Peterson and George Rau.

ARAPAHOE BASIN, Colo. makes this list in spite of the fact that about half of it is above timberline. It is so high—12,500 feet at the top of the lift—that powder in protected areas stays until early May. Arapahoe's most popular powder runs are Lenawee Park, Upper North Glade and Palavacinni, which is a 30° dive. The top powder

instructors in Willy Schaeffler's ski school are Jerry Muth and Max Dercum. **ASPEN, Colo.**, with its complex of Buttermilk, Aspen Mountain and the developing Snowmass zone, has to be counted the No. 1 all-around ski area in America, but there is so much traffic that you have to get up with the ski patrol to get to the powder before it is skied off. To remedy this condition, the Aspen Skiing Corporation thinned out the trees on the top of the No. 3 lift this year, promising a good powder run down Bell Mountain into Spar Gulch. Nearby Snowmass, which opens with five lifts in 1967, now features Sno-Cat trips to its mammoth bowls for untracked powder. Rates are \$10 per person for the trip, a guide and lunch; only 20 people can be taken each day. An area called Big Burn—a fire burned off the timber—has miles of powder, but the pitch is on the gentle side for the expert.

TAOS, N. Mex. and Santa Fe are the anachronisms of the booming ski world. They have superb snow but few people. The local citizens have not caught the powder bug and almost everybody else thinks of New Mexico as one big desert. Taos is a one-man ski resort, built by Ernie Blake, a rare ski idealist who claims that as long as he lives there will never be a lift line at this area. There are 300 beds in six lodges. At Taos the timberline soars above 12,000 feet and the slopes are all steep—this is no place for beginners. All of these factors make bad economics for Ernie Blake but wonderful skiing in a most congenial place. The New Mexican resorts, rising out of the high desert, have 11 days of sun for three of snow—you are often able to ski powder in shirtsleeves in January and February. A new upper lift at Taos opens up a powder run four miles long, of great variety and pitch—a combination of Zagava and Longhorn. Two brothers from Saint-Gervais, France, Dado and Jean Mayer, are the top powder teachers.

SANTA FE, N. Mex. has lifts that go to 12,000 feet, with a view all the way to Colorado and a 1.2-mile run down Burro Alley that is perfectly pitched for good powder skiing. There are no lodges at the ski area, but Santa Fe is only 16 miles away. Kingsbury Pitcher, director of the area, and Carl Sverre are the best powder instructors.

CONTINUED

High-mountain Down

Photographs by Marria F. Newman

The fright masks on the facing page and the ballooning parkas that follow are not just high-mountain high jinks but serious insulation against the chill of deep-powder country. The conditions that bring the bounty of powder to the slopes along the Continental Divide can also bring Himalayan temperatures. The ski parkas on these pages would be comfortable on Everest, for they are made by suppliers of mountain-climbing expeditions. They are of windproof, lightweight nylon inflated with buoyant goose down, which, ounce for ounce, is the warmest and lightest insulation known. They come either quilted in giant squares or with a smooth surface, and are in vibrant colors (to make skiers easily visible on the vast snowfields of the West). The snug, ear-covering wool knit caps are also a new skiers' fad called "Moriarty caps." The originals were hand-knit for members of the U.S. Olympic team at Innsbruck by the mother of former Olympian Marvin Moriarty. But Mrs. Moriarty has orders for 50,000 caps this year and has had to turn in her knitting needles for knitting machinery. The setting for this high-altitude ski gear is Jackson Hole, Wyo., which will open next week as America's newest, biggest and toughest ski mountain.

Where to Get the Gear

R. J. Mfg. Co. makes the frostbite masks of bright leather and cotton. They are \$3 and Moriarty caps \$5 at Teton Village Sports, Jackson Hole, Wyo.; Deep Powder House, Alta, Utah. On the following page, all four down parkas are by Gerry Mountain Sports. From left to right: The red quilted parka worn by Gray Reynolds is called "the Gerry jacket" by western skiers; it is \$55. Arlene Taylor's puffy blue nylon jacket is \$40. The bulkiest parka of all, the Andean, is worn by both Margaret Cameron and Dennis Staley; it is the warmest parka in the Gerry cata-

log and costs \$65. All are available by mail from Gerry, Box 910, Boulder, Colo., or at The Mountaineer, Salt Lake City, and Ski Haus, Cleveland. All the parkas on the fourth color page have smooth nylon shells with down inside. The blue parka worn by Gray Reynolds is \$65 and the orange parka worn by Margaret Cameron is \$55; both are by Alp Sport, Box 1081, Boulder, Colo., and are also at Sturtevant of Sun Valley, Idaho. The red parka worn by Dennis Staley is made by Comfy, it is \$50 at Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass. and Osborn & Ulland, Seattle.



Puffy, high-visibility parkas stand out against Teton sky







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Sophomores had their biggest Saturday as Houston's Warren McVea finally popped loose to upset Ole Miss, UCLA's Gary Beban ran and passed his team through Washington and Tennessee's Charlie Fulton personally upended Georgia Tech. Seasoned players were equally effective, among them Tulsa's Howard Twilley, Notre Dame's Bill Wolski and Michigan State's Clinton Jones, who together scored 14 touchdowns. But in Pullman, Wash. the team was the thing as Washington State (below) finally did it the easy way and beat Oregon soundly

There it is, in the trophy case on the second floor of Washington State's Bohler Gymnasium, a fat, ancient football, varnished to preserve a 50-year-old legend painted on it in black letters: "WSC 14, Brown 0." Close by, in a glassed display of athletic clippings, is a picture of William H. (Lone Star) Dietz, the Cougars' coach of that undefeated year, gloriously got up in stovepipe hat, formal tie and swallowtail coat, an outfit he bought in honor of the first official invitation to a West Coast team by the Tournament of Roses.

This is not the only time the Cougars have been to the Rose Bowl. The second and last occasion came in 1931, after they won nine straight and blossomed out in bright, all-red uniforms, helmet to shoe-tops. The new outfits failed to impress Alabama, which routed the Cougars 24-0, or a Los Angeles sportswriter, who wrote: "The Cougars showed up looking like 11 bottles of strawberry pop—and displayed about as much fizz."

Now it is Rose Bowl time again—or so it seems to the small college town of Pullman (pop. 15,100), tucked away in the rolling wheat country of southwest Washington. Last Saturday old Cougar grads gathered for a homecoming game against Oregon, and the 21,000 who filled the wooden stands of Rogers Field could talk of nothing else.

The excitement did not overwhelm Quarterback Tommy Roth, who in this game showed himself to be steady, responsible and unharried, although his gifts might be described as more mechanical than artistic. As one worried-looking scout noted, "He's not a classic passer, and he isn't even a good roll-out passer, but give him protection and he'll get the ball there." Roth got it

there eight times in 14 tries as Washington State beat Oregon handily 27-7. It was the first time since 1932 that the Cougars had won five straight. They now own a 7-1 record and at least a plausible claim to a Rose Bowl bid, assuming they get by Arizona State and Washington in their final two games.

That is about the only plausible thing you can say for the Cougars. Everything else about them is absurd. To begin with, they beat Iowa 7-0 with 36 seconds left to play. Then they upset Minnesota 14-13 with 2:40 left on the clock. After losing to Idaho 17-13, they scored twice in the final two minutes 15 seconds to tip Villanova 24-14 and came out with an 8-7 victory over Indiana. This last one is notable since, when WSU scored its only touchdown, the clock read exactly 00 to play.

The fellow to blame for all this disrespect for the law of probability is 35-year-old Bert Clark, now in his second season as the Cougars' head coach. A star linebacker under Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, Clark came to Washington State after seven years as assistant to Jim Owens at Washington. He is a soft-spoken native Oklahoman, with a dimpled grin, a flair for phrase and all the enthusiasm of the 36 sophomores who dominate his 56-man squad. Early this year Clark told a sportswriter, "Our little football team is young and stupid, but we'll be in condition." To overcome stupidity and promote condition Clark put his young team on a three-a-day workout program.

"Mornings we just spent teaching," he says. "Afternoons we turned 'em loose on each other—got tough. Nights we went out under the lights and ran nothing but pass patterns. No coaching. We just turned 'em over to the quarter-

backs and told 'em to pass, pass, pass."

The night drills confirmed Clark's suspicion that Roth, an erratic passer in 1964, was the key to his entire offense. Running pass patterns against no opposition, Roth would hit, say, 30 out of 32, or 29 out of 30. "That decided me," says Clark. "I figured if we could protect Tommy, he'd get the ball to our receivers. So we did a lot of changing in our blocking to get him time to throw."

In the belief that all good college teams

continued



Right Halfback Joe Lynn, "Punch" in State's epithetical backfield, turns Oregon's corner on way to long gain.

today are sharply coached and well-conditioned, Clark has sought what he calls the "winning edge." In the Cougar dressing room are three large charts. One is called the "defensive board," which sets such single-game goals as "1.5 interceptions," "cause three fumbles, recover two" and "no third-down success—10 yards or more." The "offense board" calls for such items as "no fumbles lost," "no mental errors inside 10-yard line" and "make five big plays in game."

A third board honors the names of the "Best Blocking Lineman," "Best Defensive Lineman," "Best Blocking Back" and "Best Defense Back." Rich Sheron, a junior end, has won the "Blocking Lineman" award four times this season; a senior tackle, Wayne Foster, has won the "Defensive Lineman" citation three times, while Willie Gaskins, the Cougars' alert safetyman, has taken the "Defense Back" award five times. "Rip," "Spike" and "Punch" have been added to the Cougar backfield nomenclature. "Rip" is Left Halfback Ammon McWashington. "Spike" is Fullback Larry Elmes, a workhorse runner and a deadly blocker, while "Punch" is anybody who plays right half, usually Joe Lynn, a strong, stocky sophomore. It is doubtful if such designations make the Cougar backs run any faster—none of them has unusual speed—but it seems to please Clark to think so.

"If I were a back," he says, "I'd like to be called 'Punch' when my number came up. Take 'Punch 19.' Now doesn't that make you want to punch that line? Our 'Rip' back, he's the fella who has to go with the ball—rip it through. And 'Spike,' he does a lot of blocking at the corners—he spikes 'em, see? Those are good aggressive names to call out, and it's a helluva lot better than yelling, 'Hey, you.'"

It is extremely difficult, now that the Cougars have proved they can win one the easy way, to find a man in Pullman willing to discuss anything but the Rose Bowl. One who manages to resist the temptation is Bert Clark. Holding fast to coaching tradition, he won't talk about the future, but if you want to discuss the Cougars—that's different. "What gets me is the excitement of this team," he says. "All I have to do is yell, 'Hey, who's excited?' And they yell right back. They're excited about every game we play—and every play we run."

—EMMETT WADSON

THE WEST 1, USC (5-1-1) 2, UCLA (5-1-1) 3, WASHINGTON STATE (7-1)

One other wonder of West Coast football this year has been UCLA. For a while last Saturday, however, Washington threatened to pass the Bruins straight into obscurity. Quarterback Tod Hulin, a sharp thrower, and End Dave Williams, a superb catcher, got the Huskies three touchdowns for a 24-14 lead at half time. But Gary Behan, UCLA's flashy sophomore who had grooved and run for both Bruin scores, put his team back in the game with a brilliant 60-yard run. Then imaginative Coach Tommy Prothro came up with his weekly surprise: a Z streak, he called it. With UCLA on its own 40, Tight End Dick Witherer unobtrusively lined up as a flanker outside his split end while Washington was still in its defensive huddle. Witherer broke down the sideline, Behan found him with a perfect pass and away he went. The Bruins won 28-24. "We were lucky," said Prothro, but he must have had his tongue in his cheek.

USC, which has to whip the amazing

Uclans November 20 if it is to keep Washington State out of the Rose Bowl, opposed a 35-0 rout of California. The Trojans battered Cal for 379 yards, and shifty Mike Garrett got away on two long punt returns—for 74 and 87 yards, respectively.

Everybody, including New Mexico, expected WYOMING to come out throwing against the Lobos' weak secondary, which had yielded 13 touchdown passes. But the Cowboys, once they found their pitch-sweeps going well, rarely bothered to pass. Sophomore Tailback Jim Kaick ran for 115 yards and two touchdowns, and Wyoming beat New Mexico 27-9 for the first time in four years to move within a game of the Western AC title. "It sure feels good," said Wyoming Coach Lloyd Eaton. "We haven't had Lobo hide in a long, long time."

BRIGHAM YOUNG also indulged in a rare treat, beating Utah 25-20 for the first time in seven years as Quarterback Virgil Carter threw four touchdown passes.

Lots of teams have soccer-style field-goal kickers, but who ever heard of a Norwegian ski-kicker? Well, MONTANA STATE'S Jan



Who's excited? Bert Clark, the old linebacker from Oklahoma, is Coach and chief cheerleader of Washington State, he leads huzzahs after Cougars score on Oregon.

Stenerud, who is both, sidebooted one for 59 yards, then was short with a 67-yarder as the Bobcats defeated Montana 24-7.

THE MIDWEST

1. MICHIGAN STATE (8-0) 2. NEBRASKA (8-0) 3. NOTRE DAME (6-1)

That old campaigner, MICHIGAN STATE's Deffy Daugherty, was taking nothing for granted. His powerful Spartans had just trounced Iowa 35-0—with Clint Jones running for four touchdowns—to clinch a tie for the Big Ten title. "Don't forget," he warned, "you have to be voted into the Rose Bowl." His real worry was not that or Saturday's final Big Ten game with Indiana, but Notre Dame a week later. That one could be for the national championship.

Other Big Ten teams were playing out the string. In the closing minutes MINNESOTA's John Hankinson completed eight straight passes and then sneaked over from the one to give the Gophers a 27-22 win over Northwestern. OHIO STATE pulled one out over Indiana 17-10 on Will Sander's fourth-quarter touchdown. PURDUE walloped Wisconsin 45-7. At Champaign, there was the annual bit of brotherly strife between the Elis. MICHIGAN's Bump and Illinois' Pete Bump, as he always does, won, 23-3.

Kansas got caught up in NEBRASKA's relentless meat grinder 42-6 and came away chopped up and dutifully impressed. Six different players scored as the Huskers piled up 510 yards. "Man, they were the best football team we have ever faced," gushed Kansas' Jack Mitchell. "I had no idea any team could whip us like that."

MISSOURI, still harboring bowl hopes, was too knowing and too skillful for Colorado's young Buffs. The Tigers forced the beacons and then made them pay off as Quarterback Gary Lane had a good day running and passing. Missouri to a 20-7 win. OKLAHOMA, still in the Big Eight race, got ready for Missouri by taking Iowa State 24-20. But Kansas State, which has not won in nine games, lost again, to CINCINNATI 21-14.

What once looked like a respectable season has suddenly become a nightmare for Army's Paul Dietzel. AIR FORCE, yearning desperately for a win over a service rival, got it when Quarterback Paul Stein ran five yards for one touchdown and passed 27 for another. The score, 14-3. "Our biggest win," said Coach Ben Martin. "We're in the fraternity now."

TULSA's Bill Anderson and Howard Twilley were at it again in a 51-18 whumping of Louisville. Anderson threw five touchdown passes, all to Twilley (who caught 15), completed 29 of 54 for 362 yards to break another one of Jerry Rhyme's season records (234 completions to 224). Twilley now has 106 catches for the year, 233 for 3,050 yards and 30 scores in his career.

MIAMI OF OHIO almost did not get its anticipated share of the Mid-American title. The Redskins had to come from behind on Bruce Matkins's 30-yard run to overtake tough Toledo 20-16. But BOWLING GREEN, a 20-6 winner over Marshall, can tie Miami by beating Ohio Saturday.

THE EAST

1. PRINCETON (7-0) 2. SYRACUSE (5-3) 3. DARTMOUTH (2-0)

For once Floyd Little could not carry Syracuse alone. The bandy-legged Orange wonder zipped through OREGON STATE for 151 yards, and still the Orange lost 13-12, largely because it messed up its extra-point tries and could not stop Paul Brothers' two little touchdown passes.

Life for Pitt's John Machlowski this season has been just one touchdown after another, mostly by opposing teams. NOTRE DAME was the latest to enjoy Pitt's puny defense, 69 to 13 points worth. Attacking from the power I, Quarterback Bill Zloch ran Pitt's disappearing ends silly with keepers, prebouts and handoffs and Halfback Bill Wolak hammered out five touchdowns. It got so that even Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian was embarrassed. Shocked by Pitt's meanness, he said, "In my wildest dreams I never expected this."

PENN STATE, that other backward giant among the East's major independents, won, but not easily. The Nittany Lions jumped off to a two-touchdown lead over Kent State and then had to struggle to keep it. Halfback Mike Irwin's 33-yard run finally convinced the stubborn Golden Flashers, and they succumbed 21-6.

NAVY overwhelmed Maryland 19-7. While sophomore Quarterback John Carwright tormented the Terps with wide sweeps, options and two touchdown passes, the Midshipmen stopped them cold with a blazing name-man front. Navy fired three men to the outside to take away Maryland's wide running game and the rest swarmed over Quarterback Fred Cooper like a pack of angry bees.

Ivy Leaguers can hardly wait for unbeaten PRINCETON, 14-6 winner over Harvard, and unbeaten DARTMOUTH to tangle. The Indians, explosive on offense and stifling on defense, routed Columbia 47-0 as Pete Walton, Paul Klugness and Gene Ryznowicz stormed through the Lions. YALE managed to outlast rallying Penn 21-19, while CORNELL's Marty Sponaugle, running and passing for five touchdowns, led the Big Red past Brown and its slick passer, Bob Hall, 41-21.

THE SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (6-1-1) 2. TENNESSEE (4-0-2) 3. FLORIDA (3-2)

Bowl scouts were all over the South last week and some—Sugar and Orange Bowl people who watched ALABAMA rout LSU 31-7—drooled at what they saw. The second

time "Homa got the ball, Quarterback Steve Sloan hit Dennis Homan with a 45-yard touchdown pass. After that the Tide just rolled on and on, and Coach Bear Bryant was ready to listen to all bids.

FLORIDA and TENNESSEE had admin-

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Despite sophomore Quarterback Gary Behan's 38-yard touchdown pass and one-yard scoring plunge, UCLA trailed Washington 24-14. So Behan ran 60 yards for another score, passed 60 for the winning touchdown.

THE LINEBACK: When Miami Linebacker Ed Wenzel was not busy making tackles (he had 12, plus two assists) he was sealing passes (two) or forcing a key fumble or throwing a big block in a 27-6 rout of Boston College.

ers, too. For 56 minutes tenacious Georgia held the Gators' Steve Spurrier and Charley Casey down. Then Casey confused the defense by lining up at flanker instead of split end, and Spurrier passed to him for 46 yards. On the next play Spurrier threw to Jack Harper for 32 to give Florida a 14-10 victory. For a half Georgia Tech's Kim King dazzled unbeaten (but tied) Tennessee with his knee-high passes. But in the third quarter Harold Stancel picked one off and earned at least 36 yards for a score, and that was the end of Tech. Sophomore Quarterback Charlie Fuhon ran for 133 yards, passed for a touchdown, and Tennessee won 21-7.

When AUBURN got into trouble against Mississippi State, Coach Shag Jordan called in sub Quarterback Alex Bowden. His two scoring passes gave Auburn the game 25-18. KENTUCKY surprised Vanderbilt by running Rodger Bird right at its good defenses—for 132 yards and four touchdowns—and the Wildcats won 34-0. Tulane, in over its head against STANFORD, lost 16-0.

Almost everybody has a chance now in the Atlantic Coast. Even Clemson's Frank Howard could not think of anything funny to say after NORTH CAROLINA upset his Tigers 17-13. NORTH CAROLINA STATE also had a shocker for Duke, a 21-0 pasting. SOUTH CAROLINA, beating Virginia 17-7, was still in it, too.

MIAMI, having one of its up weeks, battered Boston College 27-6, while MEMPHIS STATE, unimpressed by Utah State's imposing credentials, beat the Aggies 7-0.

THE SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (8-0) 2. TEXAS TECH (7-1) 3. SMU (4-2-1)

"If I see a guy on the ground, I say to myself 'Jump!'" The speaker: Bobby Burnett, the loopgrinding ARKANSAS halfback who led the Razorbacks to a 31-0 win against Rice. Burnett gained 116 yards, and the Quarterback? Man, Jon Brittenum, hit on

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

11 of 14 passes as the Hogs won their 20th straight.

TEXAS ended its longest losing streak (three) since 1956 by beating Baylor 35-14. Coach Darrell Royal gave his players a rare chance to relax, running them through light drills all week. He also told them to "quit being afraid of making mistakes; nobody's perfect." As it turned out, Quarterback Merv Krivnyk was perfect. He threw just three passes, each for a touchdown.

Dennis Parize's 25-yard field-goal try for SMU sailed through the air with all the grace of a wounded auk. Deflected, it hit the crossbar, but it was good enough to start the Mustangs on their way to a 10-0 win over Texas A&M.

New Mexico State could not stop the running of Halfback Donny Anderson or the passing of Quarterback Tom Wilson and lost to TEXAS TECH 48-9. Anderson ran for 157 yards and three touchdowns. Wilson completed 13 of 22 for two touchdowns.

Warren McVea, the precocious HOUSTON sophomore halfback who had been a dud all season, finally broke loose and led the Cougars to a 17-3 upset of Mississippi. Outracing his defenders, McVea gathered in long passes for touchdowns that covered 80 and 84 yards.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

MAINE STATE OVER NAVY The Lions move the ball well enough to beat Navy's blitz.

WYOMING OVER ARMY The Cowboys should romp through the thinned long gray line.

PRINCETON OVER YALE Humphrey's punts may bother the Tigers, but not for long.

BARTHOLOMEW OVER CORNELL Ryckewitz, Beard and Walton will leave the Big Red for dead.

GEORGIA OVER AUBURN A close one, but Doolley's trucks will save the day for Georgia.

TENNESSEE OVER MISSISSIPPI The Vols attack and give up precious little ground.

VANDERBILT OVER MIAMI A tougher defense will win for the tenacious Commodores.

CLEMSON OVER MARYLAND Howard over Nageng in a battle of quips, wits and 'I's.

PURDUE OVER MINNESOTA The Boilemakers hope their bad days are behind them.

MICHIGAN OVER NORTHWESTERN After a poor start, it is "Go, Blue" again.

ARKANSAS OVER SMU But not easily. SMU has a knack for surprising favorites.

TEXAS TECH OVER RAYLON Anderson's running will overcome the passing Bears.

UCLA OVER STANFORD The Bruins are for real. Beban will be too much for the Indians.

OREGON OVER CALIFORNIA Both yield points, but Oregon is better at getting them.

WASHINGTON OVER OREGON STATE The Huskies have learned to throw—better even than State.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

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What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Skylark Gran Sport.

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Everything on every Buick is tuned and balanced—and then tuned and balanced to everything else. The result is a taut, finely honed piece of road machinery. The suspension is soft enough to make you wonder how come you can barely feel the bumps you can so plainly see. But firm enough to keep you



from feeling you're driving a feather bed. The steering is sensitive enough for easy handling, but not to the point of twitchiness.

Everything gets tuned. We fit Buick pistons to Buick cylinders individually. We test Buick brakes in the West Virginia mountains and then take them down to New Orleans to see what happens to them in high humidity. We even die-cast our grilles.

Why do we go to all this trouble? Because Buick buyers are among the toughest to please you can find. They don't settle for less than the best. We keep ahead of them by being even tougher to please.

All cars are tested. But. We test our cars on test tracks, yes. But we *drive* the cars to the test tracks. On ordinary roads. Wherever there's a road that can teach us something, we go to learn. And you end up with a car that can handle any road you put it on. You end up with the tuned car.

You choose: Skylark or Skylark Gran Sport. The Skylark Gran Sport you see here comes to you with a 325-horsepower Wildcat V-8 and a chassis designed especially for its capabilities. (That's tuning for you.) You can add a tilt steering wheel, a floor-mounted 4-speed, a limited-slip differ-

ential, and other niceties that can mean so much to the sporting flavor of your driving.

But if the Skylark or Skylark GS don't quite fit you, you can have twenty or so other 1966 Buicks to choose from.

Which leads to a happy conclusion: you get to tune the tuned car to yourself.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

**1966 Buick.
The tuned car.**



Tim's Ed McMahon at Bridgehampton road track

"I SAW NASCAR PROVE IT! NEW CITGO PREMIUM GASOLINE CLEANS YOUR CARBURETOR AS YOU DRIVE"

*That's why you get more mileage, more power, more zzzooooommm
in every gallon of CITGO Premium!*

Amazing results. NASCAR took a carburetor dirty by use with other gasolines, put it in a new 1965 car, and ran it 5,000 miles on new CITGO Premium. The difference was clearly visible.



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More power—more mileage. CITGO's patented, space-age ingredient unlocks more of the power your car was meant to deliver. That's what we mean by "zzooooommm!" So, drive into CITGO... and drive out with zzzooooommm!



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ZZOOOMMM
new sound of power

In Ohio the man who has the governor's ear is the man who has the wit to drop by one of Columbus' neighborhood bowling alleys. A newsmen came by this intelligence the other evening when, along about midnight, he tried to reach Governor **James Rhodes** at his home. The governor's not in, the reporter was told, he's out with his 16-year-old daughter, Sharon, trying to squeeze in a few frames. Midnight, when the leagues have finished play, is about the only time the pair can find an unoccupied lane or two.

All she had on was a bikini, but when **Bob Hope**, sore from a round of golf, winched **Elke Sommer** from a bathtub while shooting a movie script, the effort so aggravated the pain in Bob's back that he had to go to bed for two days.

Like a Mississippi riverboat run aground, the post office-general store in Hye, Texas (pop. 135), four miles from the LBJ Ranch, is a glorious affair of red, white and green tin gingerbread (below). Just the place, President **Johnson** decided, to swear in his new Postmaster General, **Larry O'Brien**, and, figuratively, to huddle around the cracker barrel later to munch the cheese and shoot the breeze. That picture over yonder, the President pointed out, shows Hye's 1936 all-bronze baseball team. It was the

nine Deike brothers he meant, and at the President's side, beaming fit to pop, stood Shortstop **Levi Deike**, today postmaster of Hye.

Maybe it was time to haul out the "Situation Sought" want ad that he had placed almost two years ago in *The Sporting News*. Anyway, Pitcher-Author-Commentator **Jim Brosnan** was out of work again, this time getting the business, he said, from his employer for the past 13 months. Chicago television station WBKB. It was literary vitriol that had soured the Chicago White Sox on Brosnan as a pitcher, and now, said Tom Miller, WBKB programming director, it was Brosnan's biting, behind-the-scenes analysis of sport—interesting as it was—that did not sit well with Chicago viewers. "The city is full of sports nuts, and they give Chicago teams their patronage," said Miller, "but except for the final score they don't want to hear about the game after it's over." Brosnan, who obviously had failed to make his TV exposure dull enough, will now bear down on two unfinished baseball books.

For all the playing time he spends on the field—say three minutes per game—Andy **McGraw** will never be the University of Pittsburgh's most valuable player, but the Panthers are

lucky to have him at all. McGraw, a 26-year-old punting specialist, wedges football into a checkbook schedule of attending classes, selling insurance, working as a signal block operator for the Pennsylvania Railroad, husbanding his family of four children and running for public office. Three days after Philo lost to Syracuse 51-13, McGraw was elected justice of the peace in South Fayette Township. "I was a little worried about that Syracuse score," McGraw said, "but I guess the voters overlooked my missing Floyd Little on that punt runback."

Certainly it's not easy to think up new ideas for daily television variety shows—else why would anybody think to ink **Zsa Zsa Gabor** to play polo on a Philadelphia main drag for *The Mike Douglas Show*? Zsa Zsa agreed to go along with the dalliance but, shedding more light than anyone else, she was frank to admit: "A woman needs her head examined to try this very dangerous sport."

He was ever the Lip and never the Velvet Fog, but **Leo Danocher** once tried to set baseball to music by playing himself in an old Fred Allen operatic spoof. Borrowing liberally from Gilbert and Sullivan melodies, *The Book of Danocher* was first heard one Sunday evening in 1945, and a recording of the Danocher skit will be part of a Fred Allen anniversary show on NBC radio this coming Sunday night. But be certain it is Leo's pipes, not the age of the recording, that are responsible for the uneven quality of such songs as:
*Though had language and above
I never, never rose,
No one do I intentionally seek.
Though, Heaven, I was
Dreadfully so . . .
I never call on anyone "Jeck."*

In a hockey game the eyes of the Chicago "Black Hawks" **Bobby Hull** are as hard and cold as ice. But when the game is done and his thoughts can return to the Poiled Hereford cattle on his

farm in Ontario, those blue eyes all but melt over. Hull is taking two yearling bulls to the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto this month, and he has high hopes. "One of them, **Harden Woodrow Masterpiece**, is a beauty," he said, savoring each syllable. "Harden Woodrow Masterpiece won the Bellville fair, you know. We might even take him to the International in Chicago."

Maybe the man can rest easy now. For the second time in two years a proposal to strip the name **Jim Thorpe** from a borough in Pennsylvania and to restore the original name of Mauch Chunk (who never even played football) was defeated by voters last week.

Nobody was saying she wasn't racy: it was merely that the management of Melbourne's Flemington track had in mind something a little less—er—revelatory when it invited **Jean Shrimpton** (below) to Australia to help herald last week's racing carnival. The Shrimp, as the English fashion model is internationally known, showed up on opening day for the Derby wearing a little, white, high-fashion nifty that stopped four inches from where her knees began, and started all manner of outraged gossip and slender by other, probably less pretty, lady racers. "Melbourne," sniffed Shrimpton, "is not yet ready for me."



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PRO FOOTBALL / Edwin Shrake

Thunder out of Oakland

Unloved Al Davis and his outcasts
jolted Houston and climbed to
second in the AFL's turbulent West

Outside the city of Oakland and maybe the block in Brooklyn where he used to play stickball as a kid, it is not at all certain where Al Davis would finish in a popularity contest among sharks, the mumps, the income tax and himself. If the voters were the other American Football League coaches, Davis probably would be third, edging out income tax in a thriller. That lack of affection has troubled Davis so much in the past three seasons that he has beaten San Diego, the best team in his division, only three out of five times and has turned the Oakland Raiders into a team



ART POWELL IS DAVIS' FINEST RECEIVER

the rest no longer look forward to playing. Before Oavis took over, the Raiders were hardly even worth making fun of. If he stays in Oakland another couple of years, ignoring job hunts and feelers from cities in both leagues, the Raiders could become AFL champions. "I hope not," says one AFL coach. "He's hard enough to live with as it is."

When Oavis went to Oakland in January of 1963 he found a really pitiable state of affairs. At every league meeting the hottest rumor always concerned moving the Oakland franchise. The Raiders had tried playing at Kezar Stadium and Candlestick Park in San Francisco and had done so almost in anonymity. Finally, they got the use of Frank Youell Field, a temporary park a few blocks from downtown Oakland. At that point the Oakland Raiders were—with the possible exception of the old New York Titans—the finest bargain in sports. A New Orleans promoter says he could have brought the Raiders to his city then if he could have come up with \$200,000 cash. If that is true, the people who would not dig for the money must have been the same sort who said the Gadsden Purchase was not worth it. Within a year NBC-TV had guaranteed each franchise nearly a million dollars per season.

Meanwhile, Al Oavis, who is wealthy enough to have bought the team himself, had been preparing (SI, Nov. 4, 1963). In his first season he did a number of big things—made shrewd trades, established an organization, informed the owners he was not running a football school for their benefit, won 10 games and finished second to San Diego. But the biggest thing he did was to get Art Powell. Never the clubby type, Powell had quit San Jose State as a sophomore in 1957 and had played professional football for Toronto in the Canadian League. Powell moved on to the Philadelphia Eagles, was suspended when he refused to play a game after protesting the strictures of a Jim Crow hotel and joined the New York Titans of Harry Wismer. Powell was with the Titans for three seasons but played out his option. "I didn't think not getting paid on time was funny," he said, and was debating whether to sign with Buffalo or Toronto when in flew Al Oavis—blond, big-shouldered, with half a smile but with eyes that seemed to be reflecting some hidden joke, a kidding voice, a you-

continued

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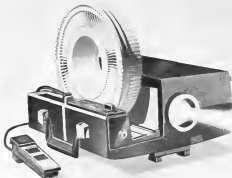
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and-me-know-about-*drive*, don't-let's-kid manner, and with his fingernails mostly bitten off. Out to Oakland with Davis went Powell, who is among the top half a dozen receivers in professional football and who has only Lance Alworth (signed by Davis when he was a San Diego assistant coach) as his AFL rival.

Powell has a reputation as a troublemaker. At Oakland he met a number of other players who had reputations as troublemakers in one league or another, for Davis was gathering people who had proven athletic ability but could not be controlled in other cities. That was not all he was gathering, of course, but he was after whatever he could find, and to his credit he coaxed first-rate performances out of players who had been given up on.

"They called me a clubhouse lawyer," Powell says. "That's silly. I'm a loner. I hardly ever have a buddy on a team, except I would if Cookie Gilchrist was on my team. For some reason I don't get the recognition Lance Alworth does. Lance is a nice kid, but I always see double and triple teaming and guys cutting at me from low angles and going for my

thighs. I don't expect kindness. I hate the guys on the other teams. I don't joke with them, I'm a poor loser." Last year Powell caught 76 passes for 1,361 yards and 11 touchdowns, roughly identical to his 1963 production. The Oakland offense has been characterized as Art Powell left and Art Powell right. Despite his small hands and slender fingers and his refusal to use the sticky substances many other receivers use, the 6-foot-1, 210-pound Powell makes astounding catches and runs well with the ball. For that ability he credits his basketball career which, he says, increased his agility and quickness.

Joining Powell in the past three games this season has been Receiver Fred Biletnikoff, an outstanding rookie who was brought along slowly by Davis after a shaky start. His appearance signifies the change Davis has worked in the Raiders. Before, Davis relied on good trades. Middle Linebacker Archie Matisos came from Buffalo as did Tackle Ken Rice. Quarterback Coston Davidson came from Kansas City and Dick Wood from New York. Fullback Alan Miller came from Boston and Running Back Clem Daniels came from Kansas City.

This season Davis had the best draft and the best signing crop in the AFL. He got Bob Sylvan, Harry Shuh, Kent

(continued)



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If a hopsack blazer is comfortable (it is!) a hopsack blazer suit is even more so! Its

"homespun" weave gives and springs back with every move, provides a comfortable change-of-pace suit for city wear.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring gives you a suit that's trim and fit. For example: flip a lapel forward with your fingers. See how it snaps back, lies flat. Seams that way perma-

nently because of row upon row of interloop stitching inside.

As a result—the look you buy is the look you keep.

Business or pleasure—enjoy the best of both worlds in the new Blazer Suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx.



McCloughan, Bilenkoff, Gus Dito, Larry Todd and Rich Zecher among nine rookies who have stuck with the club and, with the good players already assembled, he has an enviable nucleus. Davis still needs a quality quarterback, an outside running back and perhaps a tight end, but he is on the road toward catching San Diego, Buffalo and Kansas City. Davis' clubs are known as fast closers, and after last Sunday's 33-21 victory over favored Houston they are only a game and a half behind the Western leader, San Diego, with five games to go. At least five or six rookies are starting every Sunday.

"Al Davis," says one AFL coach, "is a great listener. He'll talk to some top offensive coaches about a play, and then he'll mull it over and take the best of what they said and present it as his own theory. He can synthesize it beautifully. He never loses his poise except when he's complaining to the officials, and sometimes he sounds like an LP record when he's doing that."

Davis' most recent public feud was with his former boss, Sid Gillman of San Diego. Davis accused the Chargers of being guilty of offensive holding 75% of the time and added that Bones Taylor of Houston agreed with him. Since Davis said that the week before the Oilers played the Chargers, Taylor was far from pleased about being included. Davis is a fast man with a waiver list and frequently claims players other clubs are trying to sneak through with injuries. At Buffalo he once held his team in the locker room during TV player introductions while the Bills obediently stood around on the field, and that did not endear him to Lou Saban. "Davis always acts like he's got some kind of secret information nobody else knows about," an AFL coach says, "and much of the time that's true. He knows the members of every taxi squad in both leagues and what players are having trouble with their coaches, and he's always ready to make a deal, although you'd better look out when you deal with him. But Al has done a fine job."

The new Oakland Stadium should be ready by next season, about the same time the Raiders should be ready to challenge for the championship. "I don't care what the other coaches think of me personally as long as they respect what we do on the field," Davis says. His record takes care of that.

END

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Steelheads on a rough river

Fishermen can work the banks or cast from the gravel bars, but more big autumn steelheads are caught by floating down the untamed Rogue

The fall steelhead were running last month in Oregon's famed Rogue River. Fresh from their dark, mysterious feeding places in the sea, they plunged in pink-and-silver splendor through the Pacific surf at Gold Beach into the broad, flat estuaries of the river. As they surged toward distant inland spawning beds, anglers came from all over the country to intercept them. With Silver Doctors and March Browns fishermen worked Pierce Riffle above the town of Grants Pass and cast Witherwax Specials and Golden Demons from the gravel bars below it. Some drifted Hot Shots and Cinchbugs into the breaks above the rapids; others floated, as I did with guide Bob Pruitt and angler Eleanor Gilpin, down the river's wild, white waterway to the sea.

There are half a dozen outfitters like Pruitt who operate float-fishing trips out of Grants Pass down the lower Rogue during the fall steelhead run. Their sturdy 13-foot wooden boats are especially designed to take the abuse of such ferocious rapids as those at Raine Falls, Mule Creek and Blossom Bar. But in a river like the Rogue even these boats may reach Gold Beach as driftwood unless manned by experts. Guides like Pruitt, Sid Pyle and Bob Prichett know every pool, rock and riffle along the way, and they have made an art of handling the river and its fish.

An average fall steelhead trip from just below Grants Pass to the ocean takes four days, fly-fishing and trolling all the way. Nights are spent on the river either at permanent—and comfortably luxurious—tent camps or at several small, rough-hewn lodges on the Rogue's banks. Lunch may be at Tyee Riffle or Horseshoe Bend or on the wide white

sand at Winkle Bar, where Zane Grey's old fishing cabin still stands. Steelhead, smoked over green box-elder leaves, then broiled in butter, is usually on the menu and is always delicious. Most trips involve three boats, with two anglers and a guide to each. At \$200 per fisherman (which covers everything, including tackle if necessary), the trip is not only one of the most enjoyable in the Northwest, but it is also one of the best bargains anywhere.

Obviously a great many people think so. There was not a free boat or steelhead guide to be found in Grants Pass this season. As more and more anglers—doctors, lawyers, industrialists, civil servants, college professors, a former child star, a Congressman and even a Cabinet member—poured into the city, local merchants stuck hastily lettered "Gone Fishin'" signs in their windows, resurrected anything from their backyards that would float and set up shop below Caveman Bridge. They had no trouble finding customers. Shirley Temple flew in from San Francisco with husband Charles Black to repeat last year's run with Bob Pruitt. Representative Robert Duncan (D., Ore.) was there with the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, Orville Freeman.

The latter two were part of a group that descended upon the river in a confusion of borrowed boats, waders, rods, reels, cameras and press releases, ostensibly to inspect the lower Rogue in connection with its inclusion in the Wild Rivers Act, which will come up before Congress next year. The trip just happened to coincide with the fall steelhead run.

In the Rogue, as in the other steelhead rivers of northern California, Oregon,

continued

a few words to the man who thinks
the laundry is shrinking his shirts.

It has all the earmarks of a conspiracy.
They've added extra steps to your back porch.
Tacked a mile onto the golf course.
Got you huffing and puffing all day long.
Who's behind all this?
Maybe the same guy who's
adding an extra meal to your diet.
You.
Possibly, if you go lighter on the intake,
your world will come back into shape.
More important, so will you.

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FISHING

Idaho, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, the annual steelhead migration is an exciting, exhausting marathon. No fish in the Northwest is as eminently endowed to survive it. This sea-run trout, a blood brother of the rainbow, is tougher and more tenacious than any of the six strains of Pacific salmon, and it is as bold as it is strong. At sea the steelhead swims alone; in the journey up the river it seeks the deepest, fastest-moving currents, knifing through waters too swift even for the big kings, leaping falls too high for any of the Pacific salmon.

The steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*), in fact, resembles far more the renowned Atlantic salmon of the East than any of its western relatives. Unlike the Pacific salmon, which dies once it has reproduced, both the Atlantic salmon and the steelhead return to the sea after they have spawned and can again return to the river to repeat their complex, compulsive life pattern.

In appearance, as well, the two are so strikingly similar when each is fresh from the ocean that ichthyologists have often had trouble distinguishing one from the other. By virtue of its older, more aristocratic associations, the Atlantic salmon, in fancy and in fact, still rules the family *Salmonidae*, but there is no question among anglers that the steelhead is crown prince.

No one who has felt the fury of the fish charging like electric current through line and rod, who has heard the cacophonous screech of backing being ripped through guides, who has reeled with a madman's frenzy in the final, seconds before boat and angler plunge into the Rogue's crushing, foaming white water, who has held on, braced and shaken, until that sudden, inexplicable moment when the line goes slack and the contest is over as abruptly as it began—no one who has experienced such an encounter is ever the same again.

Nor does an angler ever fully recover from the intoxicating impact of the instant when he stoops victoriously to net the still, silver writh he has subdued at last, only to have it burst from his grasp in a final, fruitful lunge for freedom. But if the steelhead is memorable for the frequency and ingenuity of its escapes, it is even more memorable when caught—and eaten.

In a sense, the very characteristics that make the steelhead so formidable

continued

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contribute also to its undoing. By nature it is a powerful and forthright fish: its strike, always a shock and an astonishment, reflects its savage energy. A steelhead does not suspiciously mouth a fly with the gourmet curiosity and tentative testbuds of most trout. Rather, it attacks and snaps its jaws around the morsel with the rapacious conviction of a tiger, usually setting the hook securely in the process.

Because it is courageous and stubborn, once hooked it does not seek the leader-breaking bottom rocks and snags of shore that might free it, but rather it carries the line like a football player racing for a touchdown, running in great, powerful bursts of speed, leaping high in brilliant, graceful arcs, dashing deceptively toward the sea, then turning swiftly to charge again upstream, fearlessly fighting against forces that must finally exhaust it.

At no time of year is the steelhead fishing on the Rogue more challenging, or the river itself more inviting, than in late autumn, before the damp chill of winter touches the air and turns the rising waters dark and rody. The biggest steelhead—the 12- and 15-pounders that have fed and fattened longest in the ocean—rarely enter the Rogue until early winter. But these large latecomers will not take a fly and, when they are hooked on clusters of salmon and steelhead eggs that are bounced along the bottoms of the pools in which they lie, the ferocious spirit of their autumnal brothers has waned, apparently numbed and subdued by the colder waters.

The earliest steelhead begin appearing in the Rogue in spring. These are small fish (generally under four pounds), and they spend the summer in slow migration toward their spawning beds. They seldom have traveled more than 100 miles upstream by mid-September. As autumn approaches, more and larger steelhead rise from the ocean depths and gather off the river's mouth to await the compelling command that will be carried seaward on the first fall freshets. Then, suddenly, they surge into the Rogue's swift currents, swimming through strange shadows cast by the once 90-foot-high bridge at Agness that lies now, after last year's floods, twisted and abandoned like a discarded toy, past the launching ramp at Blaine and on into the primeval splendors of the Siskiyou National Forest, where the Rogue slices through

continued

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chimleypiece, and don't ask me
to take none, but let me put my lips
to it when I am so disposed..."**



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FISHING continued

canyon walls of slate-gray stone, between cliffs studded with the scarified remains of ancient clam shells, and mountains dense with Douglas fir, on through a wilderness that is lonelier and less peopled today than when the first gold-hungry white man saw it just over a century ago.

Somewhere along the 75 miles of water between the highway's end at Grave Creek and the place where the river meets the sea, the first of these fat fall fish will fasten on a homemade juncy-bug flocked entirely before it by old Charlie Billings, or by Garrold or Florence Fry, or Deke Miller or Julius Keller, who is known as "Red," or even by the legendary Marial Akeson, the diminutive, dynamic *grande dame* of the river after whom the hamlet above Hulse was named almost 70 years ago. And once again the Rogue's annual contest will have begun.

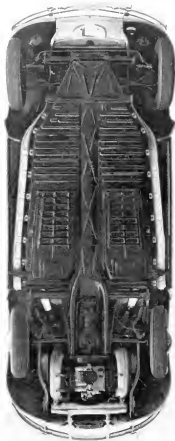
No word of this first catch ever leaves the dark recesses of the lower Rogue, because knowledge of the presence of fall fish in the river is considered something of a sacred trust by the handful of isolated natives who live on it. But in spite of such secrecy it is never more than a few days before some upriver dude (a term more definitive than derogatory that is used to describe anyone not of the river) finds himself on the other end of a rocketing, roistering six-pounder. Then the news is out.

There are a dozen ways to fish the Rogue in fall and, when the fish are running, almost all are productive. But by far the most enjoyable method is to float the river as I did, riding the flow of its swift waters toward the sea through wild stretches where the only access is by boat and the only inhabitants are bears and deer and multitudes of birds and small furred creatures.

The lower Rogue is a grand and spectacular showcase for the steelhead. A hundred shades of green and yellow accent October's coppery foliage. Against the carmine limbs of madrone trees, silver-barked tan oaks sparkle in the sun. Clusters of scarlet penstemon grow, seemingly, from stone. Biblical myrtle-woods stand in groves along the water's edge flanked by moss-hung live oaks and the graceful silhouettes of willows.

Less than 50 years ago these now-deserted mountains rang with the sounds of men and machinery. All up and down

continued



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to the bottom and the bottom is sealed to
the car.

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right. And why some of the rumors about

limiting Volkswagen aren't true.

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as good as it is.

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change them.

But we think we'll leave bad
enough alone.



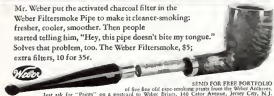
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the lower Rogue log cabins and miners' camps marked the claims of settlers who came then not for the silver of the steel-head but for the gold that lay in abundance beneath the river's shores. By foot, boat, mule and packhorse, hopeful prospectors from all over the country swarmed into the area, and thousands of dollars' worth of gold poured down the drainages and sluiceways along the Rogue's banks.

There are fewer than 20 inhabitants now on the 40-mile stretch of river between Grave Creek and Hlahe. Most of the old trails and cabins have long since been washed away by the relentless river, and unless one happens to stumble inadvertently into an overgrown mining ditch, there is little evidence anywhere today that people ever lived or worked here. Most remarkable of all, without the intervention of man, money or management, nature has completely reclaimed the lower Rogue.

This is as it should be, as far as the river people are concerned. They take a dim view of most efforts, especially of government efforts, to improve upon a job that nature clearly has under control, just as they take a dim view of everything in the world outside the Rogue that affects their river. This is not because they have anything against the government, or against keeping the Rogue in its wild state, but because they distrust the wisdom of placing the river in the hands of federal agencies that do not always seem to know or understand it.

When they cite, for example, the Bureau of Land Management's bridge across Kelsey Creek that washed out with the first flood, the U.S. Forest Service's bridge at Agness that washed out before the approaches were even completed, the BLM's relocation of the Rogue River Trail above Whisky Creek that washed out in the first high water, and half a dozen other bits and pieces of washed-out construction all undertaken against local—and obviously sensible—objections, their reservations seem to have a certain validity.

"But, heck, I'm not worried about this bunch," said Red Keller of the official invasion that threatened to inundate the Rogue last month. "All them government fellers really want to do while they're here is catch steel-head."

That, of course, was what everyone was doing on the Rogue.

END

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.

Now it's up to you!



SPONGERS SELDOM CHISEL



In table tennis jargon a sponger is not a freeloader, nor is chiseling cheating. You'll find out what they mean in the following story, a brief, humorous history of the game by a man who is 10-time U.S. champion and yet is in no danger of being recognized, except, perhaps, in Hong Kong **BY DICK MILES**



Surrounded by screaming officials, boogers, teammates and a chess game, King Alex escapes Prinz Paneth in the celebrated long point.

Alex Ehrlich was the King of Chiselers, and the noblest aspirant to his throne was Paneth Farcas, Prinz of Sutzfleisch. When King Alex and Prinz Paneth finally tangled, it produced the most remarkable point of table tennis ever played. In table tennis a chiseler is not a cheat, but the term is an equally opprobrious epithet for a stubbornly defensive player who refuses to attack, pushing rather than smashing even the juiciest "meatball." In those leisurely days of the mid-'30s when King Alex reigned, if two good chiselers met only impatience or exhaustion prevented their pushing the ball back and forth forever. The King was a strapping Job, but the Prinz of Sutzfleisch was as patient as a penguin.

I saw King Alex recently in the unlikely city of Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, where I had come to watch the 28th World Table Tennis Championships. During a slow afternoon's play we shared a table at the arena buffet and chatted about old times. Alex is an erect, 6-foot-4 Pole with a small, unorthodox head and absurdly long arms. He can scratch a knee without stooping. In general, international table tennis stars are a band of sophisticates who can count to 21 (but not higher) in a dozen languages, order Chateau d'Yquem by vintage and recommend a cheap hotel in Taipei or Rabat. Although less polished, Alex speaks 15 languages—but he mutilates them, I'm told. Nonetheless, at big tournaments he is beset by players without a common language who huddle around him to exchange the sport's ultramontane news. With me, Alex usually starts talking in whatever language he happens to be thinking in at the moment, until he realizes his mistake and raps his forehead to reset the wheels. The ensuing English is often memorable. Once, commenting on a player's sportsmanship, he said, "I should have the money how dishonest he is," and again when I told him a certain unpopular player had married he asked ingenuously, "Against who?"

The King of Chiselers' long point is as famous in table tennis coteries as Tunney's long count is at *Ring* magazine. Quite literally that single point changed the game—changed it as much as the calamitous introduction of the sponge racket was to do 16 years later. The tale, however, through countless retellings, has collected an apocrypha not easily pruned, and King Alex himself had never told me the real story. So at the buffet in Ljubljana I asked him about it. He began by deprecating the entire affair.

"Never believe it vaz three hours, Deek, like maybe you heered. I look at vatch ven first game begin, so I know exact. Vee play only two hours and twelve minutes."

"Oh, I see, Alex," I said. "Well, how long was the second game?"

"Vee not play second game, Deek. It vaz first game."

continued

"Ah! Now I see! It was the first game that took two hours and 12 minutes. Well, then, how long was the long point?"

"Nein! Nein! Deek. *Es war die erste ... le premier!*" Alex was excited. Sputterings of Hungarian and Swedish came out. He rapped his forehead in exasperation. "Deek! Deek! Whole match only vun point!"

I knew if I asked one more stupid question Alex would have a fit, so I sat back and let him tell it.

A Prague arena, 1936, the World Championships, 3,500 spectators. Rumania vs. Poland: a crucial match in the Swaythling Cup, the Davis Cup of table tennis. When the sealed team lineups were opened, Alex Ehrlich, Poland's King of Chislers, and Paneth Farcas, Rumania's Prinz of Stitzleisch, were brought together in the first match.

King Alex had one tactical advantage: a fair attacking forehand. Prinz Paneth had no driving stroke whatever. His haughty, professorial manner suggested that he thought hard hitting unbecoming conduct. "So much a pusher Paneth is," says Alex, "he not even attack ven he practice." Gamesmanship began even before the players came to the table. While Prinz Paneth lured his sneakers, Alex ostentatiously announced he'd lay 4 to 1 he'd win. He spoke in Rumanian. "I bet everything," he told me, "the food, hotel, train. If I lose whole team walk back to Warsaw. Ven vee come to table for varmup, I attack. Backhand! Forehand! Very hard. Paneth, he is clever. He pretend he cannot return."

Paneth won the umpire's toss. Just as he prepared to serve, however, King Alex turned his back on his opponent, walked dramatically to the Polish bench and returned with his special chiseling bat. "So big around it is," Alex explained, extending his enormous hands to watermelon length. "It is very heavy, but for pushing never do I miss." Prinz Paneth glanced coldly at Alex' perfectly legal outsize bat and served contemptuously. Alex returned to the forehand, and Paneth returned to the backhand. Alex returned to his opponent's forehand, and Paneth returned to the backhand. Alex again insisted on the forehand; Paneth again insisted on the backhand. And

so it went . . . and went . . . and went.

Even a small-time chiseler knows that winning a pushing duel requires doggedness more than skill. The first few points are crucial. The burden of catching up must be put on one's opponent. Then, when his own passivity becomes unendurable and his chiseling determination cracks, he overreaches himself and he's lost. Alex therefore played the first point as though it were match point, but 35 minutes later the electric scoreboards still read 0-0. Alex was undisturbed: he had a plan. If the Rumania-Poland team encounter went the nine-match limit, Paneth, Rumania's hope, would have to play Alex' two other teammates. Said Alex, "I not worry. Perhaps I not vin match. But Paneth absolutely play no more. He need rest for six months. I keel him for my team."

Elapsed time: 70 minutes. Score: 0-0, first game. The pattern of play had become hypnotic. Paneth Farcas had begun the match as erect as a Rumanian aristocrat, but he had shriveled with every return and now looked like a hunchbacked robot. Pools of perspiration had formed at the feet of both players, and Alex remembers wondering when Paneth would finally wear out. Alex himself had a problem. The extra weight of his chiseling bat had begun to tire his arm. His remedy was extraordinary. After one return, he deftly switched his bat and continued the point left-handed. Farcas didn't notice. He simply kept pushing the ball to that same spot on the table—except now Alex' switch had turned the match into a forehand-to-forehand struggle.

With a sudden thud the umpire stopped following the ball and glared at Alex. The King was unnerved. "At first I think he is Rumanian. Then I see the trouble. His neck! Forth and back it had go for 85 minutes and now it lock in this position. So new umpire come in vile vee still play point. Now two Austrian players come back to hall. They are surprised vee still play. They had go to movies after vee begin, and now they think electric score machine must be kaput. It still say zero-zero! And soon also vee lose second umpire. His wife had make dinner and he must absolutely go home." Alex switched the bat back to

his right hand. "And now I see Paneth seem weaker. Soon, I think, I attack and vin. But not yet. I had swore on my lips to my captain I attack not vun ball till Paneth is absolutely dead, and I see he still have forces."

Meanwhile the tournament committee panicked. Alex and Paneth had started at 7 p.m., and it was now 8.40. The angry hecklers had left and only a few dozers remained, but not a point had been scored, and the finals, scheduled for the following night, no longer seemed distant. So they called an on-the-spot emergency meeting of the International Table Tennis Federation. Through the loudspeakers the delegates were summoned, and they convened in a special room behind the stands. The first order of business was the roll call. "America?" "Here!" "Austria?" "Here!" And so it went until the chairman called, "Poland?" No reply. "Poland," he insisted. No reply. Suddenly everyone realized that the delegate from Poland was the King of Chislers himself! Since no decision could be legal without his vote, the delegates picked up their chairs, marched down to courtside and arranged themselves near the barrier on Alex' side of the table. Sometime during the second hour, to keep his man relaxed, Alex' captain, Jakob Gorski, had set a chessboard on a table near the sideline and had started a game with Alex. Between returns Alex would sneak a glance at the position and whisper his moves to Gorski. When the delegates arrived the chess game was necessarily abandoned. "But I have rook for knight and a winning position," protested Alex. "Vile vee play, there is meeting," Alex went on. "Delegates ask first if vee agree to a draw. I say no. Paneth also say no. Then they ask if vee agree to five-point games. Paneth now say yes. But again I say no. I am stronger, I say. In five points perhaps I lose. But in twenty-vun points, never! I vill push him into ground! But vile I speak, Deek, I not take notice, and so it happen I push just vun ball to Paneth's backhand. Now you see, Deek, for two hours twelve minutes had Paneth pushed forehands. Ball had crossed net more than twelve thousand times—twelve thousand times,

Continued



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Deck, and not van ball had I give to backhand! So ven I give him backhand, Paneth scream! I look. He is helpless! He cannot move his arm to change! It push forehead by itself! But ball go right through backhand side! And so first point become mine. And now I give it to him, Deck. I say to him, in Rumanian, of course, 'Paneth, I am sorry this point over. I vaz just beginning to enjoy it. You are much better pusher than I thought, Paneth. Perhaps it is possible you will even vin this match. But remember, Paneth, I am not best pusher of my team. Against the others you will have to be more steady.' "

The match ended abruptly. When the second point had gone a mere 20 minutes, a member of the Polish bench behind Alex began to feel hungry. Without realizing the psychological effect it would have on Paneth, he reached down into an equipment bag and pulled out a knife, a long loaf of bread and a two-foot Polish sausage. He started slicing sandwiches. Another player filled cups from a huge coffee thermos. Paneth, who could see all this from his position at the table, must have assumed that the Poles were prepared for a winter siege. He began to mumble—soon Alex could pick up the words. "He vaz saying over and over, 'He not make me crazy, he not make me crazy, he not make me crazy.' " Then it happened. For the first time in his career the Prinz of Sitzfleisch attacked. Ferociously! His first drive, incredibly, went in. Alex returned it. Paneth smashed again, even harder. When that one came back too, something snapped. With one grotesque windup, a holler and a swat that sent ball and but together sailing wildly over the King's head, the Prinz of Sitzfleisch ran screaming off the court.

I thanked Alex for the story. The arena buffet in Ljubljana, where we still sat over coffee, had become crowded. The World Table Tennis Championships bring together more countries than any other sporting event except the Olympics, and this year 444 players and 123 delegates from 49 nations attended. At one table the representative from Gha-

na was trying to explain to a tournament official his desire to rent an electric heater, and at another a gentleman I'd met in Phnompenh was violently stroking his butt through the air demonstrating somebody's backhand. In the process, he upset a tray carried by a waitress who passed just as he took his backswing, and some astonished North Koreans were showered with scrambled eggs. Two Oriental photographers, Chinese and Japanese apparently, were discussing in painfully slow English the most desirable apertures and shutter speeds for table tennis. Some off-duty ushers asked me to autograph their programs and, in multi as I was, the recognition was unexpected. It could not have occurred in the U.S., which, for a table tennis star, is a bleak, demilitarized zone between Europe and Asia, where the major tournaments are held. Indeed, so untrodden is the anonymity of an American champion in his homeland that one could be ranked first by the FBI and first by the U.S. Table Tennis Association and pursue both careers successfully. Some years ago a splenetic editor of the *New York World-Telegram* inserted my picture in the crossword puzzle and demanded for I across, "pictured U.S. Table Tennis Champion." Thereafter I was the butt of jesters at my table tennis club who twitted me about indignant letters to the editor protesting the difficulty of the puzzle. But once, while sharing a ricksha with Mr. Chung, chairman of the Hong Kong Ping Pong Tong, I was greeted deferentially by a passing coolie, "Ah! Mr. Miles! You back Hong Kong now!"

From the buffet Alex Ehrlich and I could see the playing floor with its 20 tables. It was a splendid, colorful sight that contrasted vividly with the cellars that house Manhattan's two table tennis clubs. But the matches, however fast, were depressing.

To the unaccustomed eye a topflight modern table tennis match might well appear a game played in the recreation room of an asylum by two berserk patients. The days of Good King Alex are gone. Rarely nowadays does the ball cross the net more than five times on any point. Standing close to the table, both

players trade drives with increasing speed and spin until one or the other commits an error or scores on a kill. The game, in fact, has become so fast that in 1955 Japan's Tanaka won the world singles championship in a final three-game match that lasted 12 minutes. This frenetic style, introduced by the Japanese and perfected by the Chinese, has, say some experts, reduced a sport to a game, but they agree it is not madness, merely winning percentage. Spectacular, long-range defensive play is obsolete. In many ways the changes in the game parallel those in lawn tennis, a sport many people feel has been ruined by the big-serve-and-volley style.

Ferenc Sido, the Hungarian, joined Alex and me at our table. Even when he was world champion in 1953, his 200 pounds on a lumberjack frame refuted the popular notion that table tennis stars are shrimps, but he had widened and he settled into the chair cautiously. Sido and I had split about eight matches over the years, but we never had a disputed point. He was not a hanky-panky artist who would accidentally step on the ball if he didn't like it or make his sneakers squeak on the floor during a deuce point. The closest we had come to a rift was when his team photographer happened to catch my picture measuring the net with a dollar bill (the net is 6 inches, a dollar 6½) and it ran in a Budapest newspaper above the caption, "Capitalist puppet Dick Miles judges even the net by a dollar bill."

On a court near us the men's singles world champion, Chuang Tse-tung of Red China, was dispatching a Nigerian. They were exchanging frenzied counterdrives with such haphazardness that a stranger at quick glance could not have guessed which player was champion—yet the score read 19-5 for Chuang. Sido shook his head sadly. "Ach! It's crazy," he said. "It's too fast. There is no play. These spongers, they ruin the game with their speed." Alex Ehrlich disagreed. "Nein! Nein! Das ist voonderful. These Cheenamen, how they attack! Just look. *Tenjoues l'attaque!*"

The King of Chiselers defending a style so opposed to his own seemed self-contradictory, but in a negative way he re-

continued

gards himself as its founder. After his famous long point in 1936 and other endurance contests (there had been a 7½-hour match that year that ended only when the players agreed to toss a coin) a cry went up for a time-limit rule. In 1937 the International Federation set a maximum of 20 minutes for the completion of a 21-point game, and to provoke attacking play it lowered the net from 6¼ inches to six inches.

These two changes advanced the sport to its middle period. The six-inch net particularly vitalized the sport by creating attacking champions. Bohumil Vana, the Bouncing Czech, Ferenc Sido of

overdeveloped biceps. Nevertheless, his forehead drive was the most explosive shot in the game, and during the 1948 World's the crack of his bat echoed all over the hall. If the ball breaks during a volley the point is replayed but, even so, if Reisman blasted a winner and the ball flew apart he held up his arm to the crowd and delightedly flexed his biceps. He insisted his heart was weak. Once, playing doubles against two poor players, he murdered a setup needlessly hard and with the same follow-through fearfully clutched his chest. Turning to me, he whimpered, "My God! My heart!" "Well," I said, "slow down. Don't hit

start of every match the ball is chosen by mutual consent after both players spin and squeeze it to test its roundness and resilience. Bergmann, the perfectionist, once made headlines in Tokyo when he delayed a match two hours by rejecting some four gross of balls. Another time, against Japan's Tomita, he charged in for a drop shot with such momentum that to avoid crashing into the table he leaped on it, bounded across the net, and there brandished his arms like King Kong while he glared menacingly at his opponent.

The Reisman-Bergmann match was a thrilling spectacle of defense vs. attack and, though Reisman lost, for a kid playing in his first World's he gave Bergmann a fright. In that presponge-racket era the court was 40 by 20 feet. The barriers were 15½ feet behind the table and 7½ feet from the sides. To return a hard-hit drive a defensive player must retreat and allow the ball to decelerate to a speed more reasonable than the 120 mph at which it crosses the net. His return must be kept low. If it is not, his opponent's subsequent drive will have a steeper trajectory and force him to retreat still farther so that the ball can fall into the pocket between waist and knees from which the defensive chop shots are most comfortably stroked. Reisman was hitting the ball so hard against Bergmann that it was still rising when it reached the barrier, and Bergmann, having no more court behind him, had to intercept it at the awkward, shoulder-high level or get passed entirely. To return one drive, Bergmann actually hopped over the knee-high barrier and, on another, running backward, he toppled right over it. Thereupon, to protest his narrow confinement in a court 40 by 20, the grand Bergmann stomped on and flattened the barriers at his flanks and rear. The crowd cheered, and Bergmann bowed loftily. When the umpire had reset the barriers Reisman flexed his muscle.

Though we took only one cup away from London that year, we routed the favored Hungarian and English teams with such celerity that the English were appalled by the American style. "It's too fast," said Ivor Montagu, head of the



Charging a shot, Bergmann leaped upon the table and there brandished his arms like King Kong.

Hungary and Martin Reisman and I were among them. But pitted against the attackers were the defensive greats, such as Richard Bergmann and Johnny Leach, those incredible ballet dancers who ranged 15 feet behind the table.

The clashes between these opposing styles—attack and defense—produced the sport's most spectacular play. I remember a typically stunning match of this period: Reisman against Bergmann in the 1948 World Championships in London's Empire Pool. Ten thousand people watched it.

Marty Reisman is a tall, cadaverous New Yorker with a bird's face and black-rimmed glasses. His only muscle is an

so hard. "Are you kidding?" he gasped. "I'd rather die!"

Reisman's opponent for the memorable London match, Austrian-born Richard Bergmann, four times world singles champion, was the greatest defensive player of all time. Bergmann was a colorful character as well, and his flair for dramatics usually spoiled his matches. If he expected a time-limit encounter, he placed three clocks under the table whose successive alarms were set for 12, 17 and 19 minutes. A wristwatch would have done the job, but "wearing one," he said, "impairs my rare balance." The protests of startled opponents eventually got the alarm clocks banned. At the

continued



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SPONGERS *continued*

English TT Association. "It's detrimental to the Game." And strangely enough, despite the history of chiseling and long points, they paid us the paradoxical tribute of proposing to the International Federation that the net be raised again. While this was debated we lost in the finals of the Swaythling Cup to the Czechs who, incidentally, outthrew us, and the six-inch net stayed. If the British thought the game had become too fast, they, and indeed the whole world, had yet to learn about real speed.

A shot unheard around the world heralded the modern game. Doug Cartland, the American star, came back from the Bombay World Championships in 1952, and at the table tennis club in New York he described it: "Everyone was watching the Japanese players. It was their first appearance in a World's, and they looked pretty good. Especially Fuji and Hayashi. Crisp penholder grip forehands—" "Penholders?" someone asked. "How can they hit that way?" Displaying imaginary chopsticks, Cartland continued, "It's their natural eating grip. Anyway, their first two players were all right, but their third player, Satoh, looked like a joke. Little guy. Pigeon-toed, glasses, looked half dead. Like he came for the Indian sun. Couldn't drive, couldn't chop. Just kinda blocked it back. Wasn't even in the first 10 in Japan, but they brought him over because they thought his style might give some trouble. But he had this weird bat, see. Carried it around in a special wooden box. Wouldn't let anyone touch it or look at it except when he played. Nobody had ever seen anything like it before. Sponge rubber it was. Foam an inch thick. He'd hit the ball and there was absolutely no sound. So naturally you never knew when to start moving for the shot. The ball was on top of you before you took your backswing.

"And talk about crazy spins! The ball sunk in his bat and came catapulting out of there like he'd had a shingshot. He didn't seem to be doing anything at all, but he had the best players in the world going crazy. Bergmann was missing simple push shots, and Sido was

Gott-in-Hammeling all over the hall. Two players actually ripped the rubber off their bats and tried to play against his spins with bare wood! But he just kept winning. He'd bow humbly to his opponent before the match, and after he won it he'd bow apologetically. But the big match was Satoh-Lansky. Everyone was waiting to see that one." "Michel Lansky? The Frenchman? Why him?" asked an eager junior. "He's not so good." "He's not good, but he's *draf*," Cartland continued. "Can't hear a thing without his earpiece, and he always turns that off when he plays. Claims he concentrates better that way. So everyone figured Satoh's soundless bat wouldn't make any difference to Lansky. Sure enough, when they played, Lansky took the first game. Well, boy oh boy, they were rubbing their hands. 'See! That's the answer,' they said. 'We'll plug up our ears with wax and practice. Next time we'll cream him.' Only trouble was that Satoh turned around and creamed Lansky in the next three games and won the match. Then he goes on to win the world title. Satoh was as surprised as anyone else. He seemed almost embarrassed. He didn't mean to cause so much trouble. Even the Japanese were sorry they had brought him. They didn't want to get a bad reputation after their first World's, and they were actually coaching Satoh's opponents. They can all beat him."

In Japan, Satoh had been regarded as a crackpot, and his sponge was old stuff and ineffectual. He couldn't win a tournament. But in Bombay for the first time in his life he was a hero. People whispered he was a scientist who had perfected the ultimate substance with which to cover a table tennis bat. Actually, he was a watchmaker. When he flew home to Tokyo with the cup, 16-year-old kids jeered and hurled challenges at him. He couldn't take it. Satoh was driven to sake, and this abused, apologetic homunculus who had wrecked the game in 10 days was never seen again in international play.

But sponge was. Despite the furor it provoked—at tournaments players carried placards reading "Ban the Bat"—the ITTF shilly-shalied. Mr. Montagu

continued

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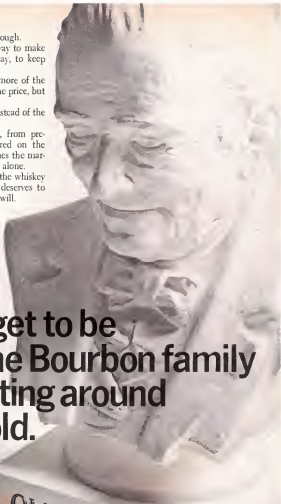
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said grandly, "First we must beat it; then we can ban it." Meanwhile the spongers turned the sport into a crap game. Upset followed upset. Strokes, footwork and touch became obsolete terms. All a player needed was a thicker, faster sponge than his opponent; the bat did the rest. Standing close to the table, he could produce spins and drives impossible to duplicate with normal rubber. The effect was like a tennis racket strung with heavy rubber bands. Reisman, who didn't switch, said it was like "fighting against a machine gun with a bow and arrow." Nobody really liked the new game, not even the spongers. They gleefully scored upsets against normal rubber but hated playing each other. At a practice tournament in New York I remember two class-C spongers, who got paired against each other, both screaming, "C'mon, lemme play that Miles instead."

The sponge offered new hope for class-B players and veterans, and they were the first to switch. Yugoslavia's Zarko Dolinar was seven points off the top with normal rubber, but with his new artillery he was the best in Europe in 1954. At the London World's that year, he swaggered around with his sponge bat in an elaborate wooden case, à la Satoh. He had painted a skull and crossbones on it, beneath which 28 of his star victims had signed and, since he and I were scheduled to play each other in the singles, he'd already reserved a space marked "29" for me. Whenever we hap-

pened to pass on the playing floor he'd wave the grim box at me and ask, "How's No. 29 today?" But I chopped him down three straight and asked him to autograph my primitive rubber bat. It was the first hint that plain rubber and a defensive chop could contain sponge and the attacking game.

Five years later, in 1959, nearly every tournament player had switched to sponge. The Red Chinese wizards were sending players rather than "observers" to the World Championships, and they were pecking the lock the Japanese had kept on the game since Satoh's appearance in 1952. That year, at the World's in Dortmund, Germany, the Chinese captured the men's singles title, but only just, for the draw created a personal war between them and me, pairing China's three best players against me in succession. Result: I slew two Chinese dragons with my "bow and arrow" before the third one got me in a five-game semifinal thriller. Despite their eventual victory, the Chinese were stunned. They played the same bashing, sponge style as the Japanese, but I was almost the last holdout clinging to normal rubber, and my ancient equipment was so novel it confounded them just as Satoh's sponge had confounded everyone in Bombay. They banged into my defense, and my chops sent their drives to the heart of the net. I was dubbed the Sponge Tamer. As a result, the Chinese went home and invented their own chopper, Chang Shih-lin.

continued

The introduction of the sponge bat created heated feelings among tournament players.

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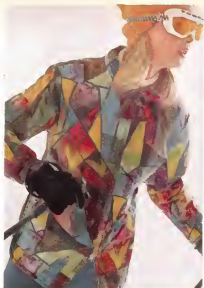
SPONGERS continued

I got my first look at Chang in a Prague arena in 1963. Alex Ehrlich and I were perched in an aerie euphemistically described by the tournament committee as the "players' section." On the tiny green rectangle far below us the finals of the Swaythling Cup between Japan and China were being played. China had lost the first match, and a new Chinese player was at the table warming up to play the second. No one knew who he was.

"They must be dumping," I shouted to the King of Chiselers. "The Chinese are dumping to Japan and I've got \$200 on them." The 400 experts who had studied the Chinese players for a week were also stumped. Out came 400 programs, as everyone tried to find out who the unknown player was. To the rest of the 9,000 fans we must have seemed like a rooting section waving flags, but we were trying to identify the mysterious player by the number on his back. It was difficult at that altitude, but a German with Japanese binoculars finally got it. "His name is Chang Shih-fu," he called out. It was not frightening that I didn't recognize the name—the Chinese bashers are all good. But Chang was not bashing in the warmup. He was practicing, of all things, his *chop*. And then from our seats we picked up a refrain as nostalgic as *Deep Purple*, the unmistakable click of his plain rubber bat. In the modern game the anomalous figure of a plain rubber chopper against the best spongers in the world was unthinkable. How could they possibly send him in? That's when I screamed, "Dump." But Chang's dead bat controlled the sponge spins, and the more the Japanese "juiced" the ball the more spin they got back themselves. Chang was the byproduct of my victories in Dortmund, and the gentlemen of Japan got a humiliating lesson in spin.

Spin, of course, is the ingredient in table tennis that eludes even the sophisticated fan. So subtle is the wrist action that a player can hit a slow, up-spin drive that's easy to return and then follow it with an apparent duplicate that will zoom eerily off the bat of an unwary opponent and shoot 20 or 30 feet straight up. A basement player in the U.S. would have no more chance of

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returning a "loop" by Chuang Tse-tung than he would have of returning a serve by Pancho Gonzales. Indeed, tennis players themselves are baffled by the spins of the smaller game. A few years ago Kenny Rosewall and I met unexpectedly in Hong Kong at a party given by a rich tailor. There was a table handy, and our host arranged a game between us. I would have been kinder to Kenny, but the tailor had sold me a tight suit, so I punished his guest. Rosewall proved what I always had known: he's a great fighter. But he scored about five points a game and went off muttering, "Boy! I wish Lew Hoad were here."

Once a table tennis player is hooked by the game, he seldom strays. At Ljubljana I saw the same faces I had seen



One Chicago player often chews his bat to shreds after winning a particularly easy shot.

for 20 years. In what other sport can a man so easily vent his spleen? I've seen tennis players hobble a lob and go from rage to insanity when they couldn't destroy their rackets. For frustrated golfers, wrapping six-irons around trees is expensive. But a table tennis bat? Even a weakling can splinter it, and the satisfaction is worth the \$5 he'll pay to replace it an hour later. In fact, some find this too light a penance for missing a setup. A player I know in Chicago has to bite the sponge off his bat and chew it to shreds before he feels absolved

continued

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SPONGERS *continued*

enough to shatter the bare blade against his thigh. When our club in New York was at 55th and Broadway, a passionate member liked to throw his sneakers at his opponents. His aim was as poor as his backhand, and if the windows were open the pedestrians below got bombarded. When his rage subsided he'd run down the stairs in search of his shoes, and he once got arrested for stopping traffic in gym socks on Broadway. Yet they play on.

A tournament player is used to living on a low budget. Several years ago Marty Reisman and I were suspended when we demanded that the English association give us more than six shillings a day for meals and move us to a better cell. I'll never forget that hotel and those beds. The morning after the first awful night I was surprised to see my roommate, Reisman, hop off his pallet refreshed. "How did you sleep?" I asked. "Not bad, Dackie boy," he said cheerfully. "Not bad. Of course, I had to get up a few times to rest."

This year, as everyone at Ljubljana had expected, the Chinese and Japanese men's and women's teams reached the finals without serious opposition.

The women played first, and, astonishingly, against Japan's two hardest hitters China gambled on two defensive players using plain rubber and Western tennis grips rather than sponge and penholder grips. Retrieving smash after smash from 20 feet behind the table, they subdued the bewildered Japanese girls 3-0. The classic struggle—defense vs. attack—had been revived, and after 16 years of speed, defense won a world championship.

The Red Chinese are not well liked in the sport. Their players rarely mingle, even in the practice room, and they've mocked recent World Championships by dumping or defaulting to one another to let their best players advance without effort. In a quarter-final match of the World's singles in Prague, one of them laughingly served three successive times into the net against a comrade. Even so, Ferenc Sido, who passionately loves the game, was glowing when the Chinese

continued

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SPONGERS *(continued)*

retrievers won. "This was more like table tennis," he said. "You heard the crowd? You heard that good sound when the ball hit the racket? Perhaps in three years the game will come back."

The Swaything Cup for men was easily won by two Chinese bombers and the Chopper.

Five days later Miss Fukazu of Japan restored her family pride by winning the singles title from a Chinese retriever. But in the finals of the men's singles, Chuang Tse-tung, defending champion, met Comrade Li Fu-jung. Chuang is a peacock for the Party, and they have ascribed the statement to him, "I owe my success to the study of Mao Tse-tung." Though Li was under orders and did his best to look interested, he will never win an Oscar. After one lovely poutette a Spaniard on the top tier yelled, "Ole!"

The next day the posters and flags that had adorned the Ljubljana shopwindows were taken down and the invaders dispersed. In front of the modern Lev Hotel, battered suitcases plastered with stickers and customs stamps of every nation were being secured atop the airport buses. Mr. Cooper of Australia was telling some Swedes that in 1967 they would have to go to Paris to get the jet that has already been chartered to carry the European teams to Melbourne for the World's. The Chinese officials were arranging themselves in a 1965 black Lincoln sedan borrowed from their embassy in Prague. Zarko Dolinar was again urging me to fly to Sarajevo in the afternoon and play in a small tournament with the Chinese and Russians. Since I hadn't played in Ljubljana I was tempted, but 40 Chinese, a dozen Russians and a lone American meeting in Sarajevo was asking history for an encore. Sido was embracing the Jubilee Cup for veterans in the crook of his right arm.

"Until Melbourne," he said to me. "And teach some American kids how to play. We must bring back the Game. Defense can do it."

"If I find a philanthropist, Sido," I said, "I'll devote my life to it."

From over my shoulder the gloomy growl of the King of Chuslers intoned, "Defense is finish. Today is attack! Tow-
jours l'attaque!"

END

A man is shown from the chest up, wearing a red corduroy shirt with a plaid pattern. The shirt has a button-down front and raglan sleeves. The background is a plain, light color.

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-ARROW-

A black and white photograph of a man in a library aisle. He is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark tie, and is looking down at a book or document on a table. The aisle is lined with tall bookshelves filled with books. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BACK TO THE MINORS

Sirs:

Say it ain't so, St. Tell me, please, that The Humbletonian Society, whose race is the epitome of inexpensive family fun and entertainment, isn't really thinking of moving it to Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park (*Tradition Buries Expedience*, Nov. 1). Tell me they realize Pennsylvania state law forbids the admission of anyone under 21 to a race track. Tell me they don't really want to take the sport away from our underage devotees and hand it over to materialistic adults. Please, tell me.

JOEL ROBBINS

Haverstown, Pa.

● We're telling you. See page 20.—ED.

THE BUG FIGHT

Sirs:

You do well when you stick to the subject you know best: apologetics. But you often fub royalty when you enter other fields. Now you have entered theology, citing "Biblical authority" to pooh-pooh the David and Goliath story, giving credit to "an unknown named Elihanu who did the giant in" (*Scorecard*, Nov. 1).

I would suggest that you and your expert consult this line from *I Chronicles* 20:5, "... and Elihanu the son of Jair slew Lahmi, the brother of Goliath the Gittite."

LESLIE CONRAD JR.,

Pastor

St. Luke's Lutheran Church

Richardson, Texas

Sirs:

The Goliath killed by Elihanu was another man—probably the son of David's victim. Note *II Samuel* 18: It was another war with the Philistines and David's servants (including Elihanu) did them in.

FRANK A. LAWRENCE

Pastor

First Presbyterian Church

Orange, N.J.

● According to *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*, there are two accounts of Elihanu's exploit—*II Samuel* 21:19, which states, "Elihanu . . . slew Goliath," and the passage from *I Chronicles* cited by the Rev. Conrad—but it is generally agreed the *II Samuel* version lies closer to the truth. Many scholars today, the dictionary says, believe the Philistine champion slain by David originally was anonymous and that a Biblical editor later inserted the name of Goliath into the text (*I Samuel* 17: 21.9).—ED.

PUTT FOR PUTT

Sirs:

I disagree with your statement in *SECUR-CARD* (Nov. 1) that there must be something "wrong in a system that would keep the country's best golfer from full membership in his own PGA." To my way of thinking, if it weren't for the PGA and the PGA tour Jack Nicklaus wouldn't be where he is today. The fact that has other commitments are preventing him from completing the full 25 tournaments necessary for his PGA membership should be secondary in importance to acquiring this membership.

The PGA has set up its rules for membership, and many of us have had to go through a far different apprenticeship for five years that Jack Nicklaus has done, and I am firmly convinced we do as much in our way for the game of golf as does Nicklaus. Just because "the country's best golfer" is one tournament shy of completing his requirement for membership there is no reason for the PGA to make a special ruling in his case.

I sincerely hope that when the executive committee meets to decide this issue it will uphold the PGA constitution.

BOB REITH JR.

Minneapolis

COFFEE GROUNDS

Sirs:

Your article entitled *A Pop Angler's Guide to Fishing* (Nov. 1) was disgusting. Author Bil Gilbert relates how he scooped up fish in a coffeepot when the fish had just been stocked and were dazed, then has the nerve to call this modern and exciting. If Gilbert wanted fish he should have gone to the store and bought them, and left the fish in the streams to the sportsmen.

PETER ACKER

New Canaan, Conn.

Sirs:

It seems to me that Mr. Gilbert doesn't realize that fishing is a sport.

BOB THORNTON

Hayward, Calif.

Sirs:

What a refreshing article! Bil Gilbert might even make a fisherman out of me.

JOHN BARZDUKAS

Cleveland

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Sirs:

As an avid reader of your magazine I could not help but notice the many letters concerning your article *The Bear Bryant Hil-*

ton (Oct. 11). Although I'm prejudiced in favor of the University of Alabama, I am also close to it and know a few facts which should be made known to the public and the three letter writers from California (1979 Hole, Oct. 25) in particular.

The University of Alabama indeed spent \$1 million for its athletic dome; however, that is only a small drop in the bucket compared to the tremendous amounts that Dr. Frank Rose, president of the University of Alabama, has spent in upgrading the academic standards and the physical facilities of the university, especially at the Medical Center in Birmingham.

And, although I cannot positively say that any of the Alabama football players can read, I do know that Pat Trammell and Gary Phillips, of the 1961 national champions, and Gaylon McCollough, who played on the 1964 national championship team, are doing quite well at the University of Alabama medical school, which is rated equal to or better than the majority of medical schools in the state of California.

Incidentally, that reference to "fattened lambs" implies that the Alabama team is going to be slaughtered each Saturday. Well, those "fattened lambs" have lost five games in the past four and a half seasons by a total margin of 12 points.

JOSEPH M. DONALD JR., M.D.

Birmingham

Sirs:

I was interested to note that three of the letters criticizing your spread on the Alabama athletic dormitory came from the state of California. It strikes me as entirely possible that these Golden State readers had difficulty recognizing the Alabama athletes as college students because a) none wore a beard, b) none wore a button saying "Support the Ylet Cong" and c) none was burning a draft card.

It is true that great emphasis is placed on football at Alabama. Also at Notre Dame, Ohio State, Texas, Syracuse and numerous other fine universities. It is also true that the University of Alabama has made remarkable academic strides since Frank Rose became president a little over seven years ago. Perhaps this could not have been accomplished without corresponding successes on the gridiron. Money-appropriating state legislatures have also been known to look at scoreboards. This is not necessarily right, but it is a fact.

California has a magnificent educational system as well. But it is noteworthy that while Cal's football fortunes have declined, the Free Speech Movement has proliferated.

Continued

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19TH HOLE *columnist*

Maybe Berkeley could use a swank athletic dorm to good advantage.

JOHN FORNEY

Birmingham

Sirs:

I might suggest that the three Californians who disparaged the Bear Bryant Hilton look first to their own state and examine the source of the money which is used to provide scholarships and subsidized tuition for the bearded leftists who marched in Berkeley protesting U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Given a choice between the two, there are some of us in the U.S. who would rather see money used to support athletics than to foster the type of "academics," "intellectual" trash that seems to populate the University of California.

ARTHUR R. STRONG

Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

Re the Bear Bryant Hilton and subsequent comments, the large amount of money spent on college football is not to be condemned because a select few are privileged to enjoy the "Hilton" atmosphere. College football is big business, on the gridiron as well as at the bank. If the million dollars spent on the "Hilton" bring in a few more exceptional high school prospects, and if these prospects come through, then football is the better and the school is the better. More fans, more money, more teachers, more classrooms, better education.

You Bear Bryant Hilton

SAMUEL T. HALL

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

Sure, the University of Alabama has a modern athletic dormitory, but Alabama usually has a winning, if not champion, football team, and the hard-working athletes deserve to be housed in luxury. I'm quite sure the other dormitories at the university are not made up of cold, dark cells illumined only by the light of learning—we do have electricity in Alabama.

MARK BURNS

Montgomery, Ala.

Sirs:

The first thing to be said to cast a more favorable light upon the manifest beauties of the Paul W. Bryant Hall at Tuscaloosa is that it costs taxpayers not a cent but is one of a number of constructive uses to which football revenues at Alabama are being put.

Secondly, what distinguishes the Bear's dormitory from the many others like it is the same thing that has signaled his teams—they are magnificent.

JAMES L. NICHOLSON

Seawee, Tenn.

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General Bill Fox: the Blue-eyed Charro

The Mexican 'charreada,' forerunner of the rodeo, is a highly stylized, almost ritual form of horsemanship—and among the most brilliant of its performers is a retired U.S. Marine Corps officer by JAMES NORMAN

At a distance he looks like any other Mexican charro. He dresses like one and rides like one. He even talks like a charro—but with a north-of-the-border accent. He is blue eyed, silver haired and compact of build. His name is General William J. Fox, and here's a Mexican, of course. He is a retired U.S. Marine Corps officer, now 67 years old. He took up the spine-twisting *charreada* or Mexican-style rodeo as a retirement hobby and is so good at it that he was one of a group of riders who recently represented Mexico in a goodwill tour of Spain.

How did Bill Fox become a charro? By trying everything else first. In 1918 he was enrolled in the engineering school at the University of Southern California. He dropped out briefly to attend Artillery Officer Candidate School at Fort Monroe, Va., then returned to California for his degree; while there he gained a reputation as one of the most peppery athletes on the varsity boxing squad. He became interested in military flying and transferred from the Army Reserve to the U.S. Marine Corps aviation.

In World War II he was a "flying colonel" in the Pacific combat area. By war's end Fox had won the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroism in combat over the Solomon Islands. He had been made a brigadier general and had held several important Marine Corps administrative posts. He retired from the service in December 1945 and became Director of Aviation and Chief Engineer for the County of Los Angeles. In the mid-'50s he gave up these duties to spend more time with his teen-age son, Stuart, who is now a music major at USC.

In 1959 Bill Fox was 60 and he decided to retire. He was ready for leisure—so he thought. He figured he might settle somewhere around the Mediterranean, possibly in Spain, and he went to Mexico with a vague ambition to study Spanish. By chance he arrived in a picturesque upland town, San Miguel de Allende.

"The town didn't impress me much at first," says Bill Fox, "but I liked the

horses, the surrounding country and the people I met. Soon I became interested in the *charreada*. I loved the excitement and the Mexican way of handling horses. I knew this was it. I dropped the idea of Europe."

He read everything he could lay his hands on concerning below-the-border horsemanship. He rode with Mexican cavalrymen and ranchers. He learned that the Mexican *charreada*, which gave birth to the American rodeo, is quite different from its offspring. American rodeo riders are usually professional performers striving for prize money. In Mexico the contestants are all amateurs, generally well-to-do ranchers plus a sprinkling of urban businessmen, lawyers, architects and doctors who enjoy risking their necks in the *charreada* for pure sport.

The Mexican riders belong to local *charro* associations, of which there are 365 throughout the country. They maintain contact with one another through

their National Federation of Charros. Each club observes rules of conduct, dress and companionship based on a 300-year-old tradition. Their sport is no poor cowpoke's pastime. Their magnificent trained horses are expensive, as is the gear they wear. For civic parades and fancy exhibitions the rider's costume may cost upward of \$500. Their gorgeous, tooled-leather, silver-inlaid saddles can run more than \$1,000.

The *charreada* follows a ritual as well defined as that of the bullfight. Even when a rider is breaking his wrist lassoing a racing bronco or perhaps snapping a vertebra while leaping from his own galloping horse to the bare back of a wild mustang in the spectacular *paseo de la muerte* (ride of death), it must all be done with elegance. "You've got to do it all according to very strict rules," says Bill Fox. "It makes for a great show. Your horse, of course, is the key to the whole thing. Naturally charros are as fussy as the devil about their mounts."

continued



GENERAL FOX WEARS HIS HANDSOME 'CHARREADA' COSTUME LIKE A NATIVE

rewards: the lively companionship of Mexican ranchers, the smell of dust, of seared hide and the ranch fiesta that usually climaxes a roundup. After such a fiesta Fox rides home, his body bruised from falls, his hands seared and scorched by the stiff maguey-fiber lasso.

In the spring of 1964 word went out from the headquarters of the National Federation of Charrros in Mexico City that the regional associations should select two or more riders from each sector—Guadalajara, Mexico City, León and other areas—to form a national group that would be sent to Spain and, later, to the Argentine on a goodwill tour. Bill Fox took part in the San Miguel eliminations. He had no expectations of being selected. After all, there were a dozen of his teammates more qualified than himself. And, after all, he had just celebrated a 65th birthday.

When his turn came up in the *murguero* he did his best. He made a wonderful *floreo* or twirl with the rope, threw it and hooked the flailing feet of the wild horse racing by him. Suddenly he was in trouble. The stiff rope had tangled about his wrist and hand. He was jerked head over heels by the running horse and was dragged through the dust. When he freed himself he found that his hand had been badly lacerated and one finger almost severed. His companions provided *charro*-style first aid, a liberal dousing of the hand with fiery tequila that left him gasping with pain. The team's captain, Javier Origel, offered to borrow someone's car and drive him to the town hospital.

"I should have let them drive me in," says Fox, "but for some reason I felt I ought to take my horse." In a semidaze he made the two-mile ride to the hospital where his mangled hand was stitched up and the finger saved. Then instead of going home, he rode back to the ring. "It wasn't very sensible, but I thought I ought to be there." He arrived just as the judges and his teammates had finished a conference. When he entered the ring he was told that he and Origel had been selected as the two regional representatives to go to Spain and Argentina. He would be riding in the plazas of Madrid, Seville and Buenos Aires with some of Mexico's greatest *charrros*: Mariano Pedrero of León, Carlos Sanchez of Guadalajara and Mexico City's Dr. José Blas Salazar. He hardly seemed like retirement at all.

END

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